# January

"WILL YOU?" HE ASKED, AND FLUNG OUT HIS FINE STRONG HAND TO HER ACROSS THE TABLE

To accompany "Salvage"
See page 170

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# Neglected Opportunities of Western Canada

## II.

### THE MOST EXPENSIVE BONFIRE SINCE NERO BURNT ROME—JACK PINE GOING TO WASTE—IMPORTS INSTEAD OF MANUFACTURES

By John H. Parry

Illustrated from Photographs

GOING west from Winnipeg I fell into conversation with a business man from New York. We had gone up to the smoker for our after-dinner cigars when, looking out of the car window, the American suddenly called my attention to the big "prairie fire" that was raging off toward the horizon.

I followed the direction in which he pointed—the whole sky was red with the reflection of the hottest sort of fire.

"Yes," I then answered, "We make a specialty of forest fires of that variety but the queerest part of all is that the farmers start them of their own accord."

"How's that?" he asked.

"Well," I went on, "that fire you see over there is fed by about a thousand dollars worth of straw. If you watch closely enough to-night you will see several thousand dollars more going up in smoke."

"But, seriously," he protested, "you don't mean that?"

"Well, I'm sorry to admit it myself," I continued, "but it's the truth—millions of dollars' worth of straw are burned in the Canadian West each year."

"But, why doesn't somebody put it to use?" he demanded.

"That's it—why don't they?" I countered.

After that my friend from the east didn't talk much but straw. He refused to believe at first that what I had told him was true—that the Canadian farmer was so shortsighted or wasteful or both as to fail to realize the opportunity that he was annually sending up in smoke. And, finally,

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when he did believe, he vowed that he wouldn't be in Montreal a week before he would organize a company and put that wasted straw to use. But—like the others—he hasn't yet come through.

There is probably not a stranger that goes through the Canadian West that fails to comment on the big straw bonfires that nightly illuminate the sky. But few realize the full scope and possibilities of the blaze they watch.

***Several hundred thousand tons of flax straw potentially worth $235 a ton is burned every year by the farmers of Western Canada***

The fact is, however, that millions of dollars' worth of flax straw suitable for paper and linen making is burned each year while hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of straw that might easily be used for strawboard and the coarser materials is burned as a simple matter of habit on the farms of the Canadian West.

No accurate statistics are possible on the amount of flax straw that is disposed of as waste in Western Canada each year. It has been estimated however, that several hundred thousand tons are burned or otherwise destroyed each year. Purely as straw, with no concern for its manufactured value, this straw would be worth from six to seven dollars a ton in most of the larger cities of Western Canada.

Its value, nevertheless, does not end there. On the contrary that is the smallest part of its importance. Ordinarily, straw—such as that burned in the prairie provinces each year—will yield about 47 per cent., of spinning fibre, worth about $500 a ton. It is a safe estimate to say, for this reason, that each ton of flax straw that is disposed of is worth, potentially, about $235, so that if a hundred thousand tons is burned we would soon have an actual money loss of about $23,500,000 each year. That is worth considering, isn't it ?

Of course all of the straw burned would not yield forty-seven per cent. of spinning fibre. Much of it, however, excels in both quality and length the average straw from which the Russian peasant makes the fibre which now chiefly supplies the linen fabrics of the world.

As a matter of interesting comparison raw cotton in the bale is worth about twelve cents a pound, while flax straw can be bought at from two to eight dollars a ton anywhere in the western provinces, according to grade, from which five hundred pounds of fibre can be obtained. Moreover, in some ways, linen mills prefer the flax straw to the cotton. And yet, to the best of my knowledge, nothing but rumors have ever been started as to the utilization of this enormous wasted product of Western Canada.

It has been said, conservatively, by men who know their subject, that flax straw would pay better if sold as straw than would the seed itself. But there is no reason why both ends of this wonderful double-headed opportunity could not be exploited. For, by harvesting at the proper time, good fibre can be produced as well as a fair crop of seed. In fact, by the new processes raw flax straw can now be converted into perfectly bleached linen fibre ready for spinning, or for the paper machines, in a day's time. The trouble heretofore has been due to the fear of the absence of water for "retting"—an insanitary process of rotting the wood from the fibre—but this is a ridiculous idea and nothing more, for the new process, which has been thoroughly tried out, has eliminated the insanitary conditions of the older methods entirely.

From these facts it may easily be seen that the flax straw that goes up in smoke each year is to-day one of the great neglected opportunities of Western Canada and that at some day, not far distant, it is destined to be utilized in the manufacture of a good part of the linen and paper—for the same process holds true of paper—that is used in the markets of the world.

In addition, however, to the flax straw are the hundreds of thousands of tons of the less valuable straw that is destroyed each year. This is hardly desirable for either linen or paper but is extremely adaptable to the manufacture of strawboard and other of the coarser materials. By new processes —worthy of investigation—it is also claimed that certain grades of alcohol can now be manufactured from this kind of straw, the commercial value of which offers another opportunity for the man of discernment.

Oddly enough also there is hardly a town in Western Canada to-day that fails to offer unusual opportunities for the establishment of linseed oil mills and yet—situated in the very center of the richest flax growing country of the world—few of these chances have been seized, which, with linseed oil at its present figure, gives a startling example of the manner in which the money making possibilities in this phase of industry are being overlooked.

## *Millions of feet of tamarack are standing in Western Canada waiting to be utilized in the making of railroad ties, Christmas trees, silk and sugar*

So much for the million dollar opportunities existing in the utilization of the fortune-bearing straw stacks. Closely allied to this angle of opportunity, however, is the chance open to the man who will put to commercial use the hundreds of thousands of acres covered with the rich native grasses peculiar to Western Canada—the so-called buffalo grass or prairie wool.

For forage purposes the value of these native grasses is well known but there is no reason to believe that they are not of greater commercial importance. In the United States two companies, whose total capitalization runs into the millions, have been organized in recent years for the purpose of manufacturing wild grasses into matting of various kinds. Both of them have succeeded beyond expectations. And yet, according to experts, the "prairie wool" common to Western Canada is far better adapted to this purpose than the wild grasses now utilized in the United States—and prairie wool can be purchased practically for the asking in any one of the prairie provinces.

So far we have not done more than touch the actual wasted opportunities of the Canadian West. It is obvious that the wonderful forests of Western Canada are not a wasted opportunity. They are, however, one of the great neglected opportunities of the Dominion.

In the United States at the present time, for instance, the great railroads of the country are having unusual difficulty in securing the proper wood for their ties. So great, in fact, has become the demand for suitable ties that inventors have been set to work to evolve a substitute that will stand the wear and tear of the heavy rolling stock now in use.

In the face of this fact the best and most durable wood for this purpose—tamarack—is found in great quantities in the Canadian West. The rails of the new transcontinental lines, for inance, are nearly all laid from ties that were manufactured from the great forests of tamarack growing in Western Alberta and in British Columbia. And yet—

to-day—millions of feet of tamarack lumber is standing in the Western provinces open to the man who will first put it to commercial use.

Here also—throughout the prairie provinces—are extensive forests of spruce, fir and jack pines. From spruce, by a new process, commercial sugar is now made, though the best grades—admittedly—are obtained from birch. Just as Christmas trees alone, however, fortunes are in store for a person who will put these excellent trees to this use, the great forest fires of recent years having created a veritable Christmas tree famine in the United States.

***One Western Canadian City is spending a million dollars in importing sewer pipe from Minnesota and Ohio, with vitrified clay deposits only ten miles away***

In this connection there is hardly any doubt that the jack pines, so extensive in Alberta, might be utilized with great profit in the manufacture of silk. In Europe five tons of silk a day are manufactured from a substance known as viscose—a by-product of wood waste—and the demand for the product far exceeds the supply. At the price that could unquestionably be obtained for this product in the silk markets it is figured that ten tons of wood, such as jack pines, could be made to bring—as silk—five thousand five hundred dollars, a pretty good profit, with wood of this type at a few dollars a ton.

In British Columbia peat deposits are also declared to exist in large quantities—and peat, by a recent process, is made into a paper of the highest commercial grade at a greatly reduced manufacturing cost. In addition peat by a new process patented by the late John Jacob Astor is now much used as a fuel, and from it numerous by-products are obtained such as coke, sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, methyl alcohol, paraffine, pitch, creosote and other similar products of the coal-tar family.

In the way of natural resources Western Canada is replete with neglected opportunities. Most of the stone used in such cities as Edmonton, for instance, is imported from long distances, a large percentage from as far as Indiana. In the face of this fact sandstone, limestone, granite, conglomerate and quartz stone is found in large quantities in the mountains west of Edmonton and is easily available for commercial purposes. One or two stone companies have claims at present but they are composed mostly of speculators rather than practical stone men. Throughout Western Canada, however, almost unheard of chances exist for the mining of stone and near Entwistle, as an example, the best grades of sandstone are to be found in such advantageous position that it might easily be quarried.

The market for stone in Western Canada is a dead certainty and the highest prices could be obtained in all of the leading cities for building purposes which fact, when the tremendous amount of building operations is remembered, should leave no uncertainty as to the fortunes awaiting the practical stone man in the prairie provinces.

Even more tangible than this opportunity is the one found in the making of brick and vitrified products. This year one city in Western Canada alone will spend over one million dollars in the extension of its water and sewer system, yet all of the sewer pipe used in this work will be brought in from Minnesota and Ohio, the freight rate on which will approximate one-half of the cost of the material.

Notwithstanding this tremendous importation of sewer pipes the glacial deposits within ten miles of this same city consist of the best type of vitrified clay yet found in North America and according to Dr. Reis, of Cornell University, and Prof. Edward Orton, Jr., of Ohio State University, who have made extensive tests, the clay is admirably suited to the manufacture of all varieties of vitrified products.

The same holds true of building brick in general. All of the plants in Western Canada are working at utmost capacity and yet, in the face of this fact, brick is almost at a premium and several cities of the prairie provinces after advertising in vain for bids have been forced to import their building brick from the cities of the eastern coast and in some cases from the United States. The brick clay found in Western Canada is the best that it is possible to obtain and—according to investigation—a veritable gold mine awaits the man who will meet the demand.

The opportunities that exist in the mining of coal are, as yet, hardly scratched and are too extensive to be gone into at this time. There was a time, not many years back, when every farm of any importance in Western Canada had its own coal mine and the farmers dug it out with pick axes, selling to those who wished to buy at as low as $2 a ton. Yet to-day there is not enough coal mined to meet the demand and the Canadian Pacific alone takes practically the total output of the Alberta mines.

It is a safe assertion that there is a coal field in Western Canada of about 10,600 square miles in extent, much of which lies but six feet under the surface. One company in British Columbia, which furnishes an example of the possibilities open, is mining from three to four hundred tons a day and is hardly more than under way.

I have not begun, nor attempted, to cover the neglected opportunities existing in the natural resources of the Canadian West. So we shall dismiss that part of our story with the simple, but well authenticated statement, that the mineral products of Western Canada will some day surpass those of the richest mining sections of the United States. Bear in mind, however, this fact—that investigation proves that, if care is not taken, most of the wealth from this source will pass into American and foreign hands, who, up to date, have been the first to recognize the possibilities open in this direction.

## *What a dining-car superintendent said about the untouched opportunities for production of garden truck and flowers*

There is another phase, however, to the subject of the neglected chances in the last great west. Here we come again to the surprising lack of enterprise on the part of the Canadian farmer in meeting the demands for home grown garden and vegetable crops and to the sinful waste of the grain crops, as well.

In my first article I took up at some length the opportunities existing in diversified farming and showed how the railroads and hotels, to say nothing of the public as a whole, were forced to send great distances for their fruits and vegetables, their poultry and garden products, when, in reality, the soil of Western Canada was peculiarly adapted to the raising of almost every crop and product known.

I shall not dwell again, for this reason, on this paradoxical condition that marks Western Canada to-day as the great country of neglected agricultural opportunities. In this connection, however, it might be well to point out a specific instance of a kindred opportunity that is equally neglected at present.

This is found in the growing of flowers. Practically speaking there is not a greenhouse in the prairie provinces to-day. From the Canadian Pacific's superintendent of dining cars I learn that it is practically impossible to secure fresh grown flowers in Western Canada and all of those used on the dining cars of his railway are brought in from St. Paul; and flowers, let it be remembered, are unusually profitable with the high prices that now obtain.

***The neglect of the farmer to provide storage for his grain is the biggest neglected opportunity of them all when thousand-bushel granaries can be built for $85 each***

But the phase of neglected opportunity that stands out most, aside from diversified farming, is the enormous waste of the grain crops. In one section of Western Canada last year there was a jam of several million bushels of grain which it was impossible to get to market. In this same district last year's crop was not entirely disposed of—that is, gotten out of the district—until August of this year. Each bushel of that grain represented a loss in dollars and cents—a total loss of hundreds of thousands.

And why, you may now ask, is this condition allowed to exist? The answer is simply that the farmers were too near sighted or too penurious, undoubtedly the former, to see the necessity of storing this grain until it could be placed on the market. This is a negative of the sort of neglected opportunities I have described but it is, in its way, the most damaging and thought impelling of them all. It is *neglected* for the reason that the grain farmers have chosen to face this enormous loss in their crops rather than invest in the portable granaries that might easily be secured.

On the great grain farms of the United States no farmer would think of failing to have facilities for the storing of his crops. And the shortcomings of the Canadian farmer in this respect will some day prove costly not only in the actual waste incurred but in the forcing down of prices that will ensue when the grain output is placed on the market in bulk.

With three times the present railroad facilities it would be impossible to get the Canadian grain crops to market before the coming of winter. It is obvious for this reason that the proper course for the farmer of Western Canada to pursue is to fit himself with the portable granaries, of about 1,000 bushel capacity, which can be had, or built, at a cost of about $85 each. And, let me add, when an expenditure of $85 will save many times that amount in grain there is some reason for placing this condition in the category of neglected opportunities.

And now, in conclusion, what is it that stands out most in Western Canada to-day? The answer, unpleasant and damaging as it may seem, is the readiness with which Canadians are allowing Americans and foreigners to come in and grab up the great chances of to-day.

No one question is so vital to the future of Western Canada as the settlement of its provinces. But there is a limit to the lethargy with which the average Canadian views the opportunities that exist at his own front door. Millions of dollars will be made from the opportunities existing in Western Canada to-day—from the very chances that Canadians neglect.

It took the Montreal business man, to whom I have referred, to first arouse my interest in the money value of the straw stacks that send their nightly glow over the skies of the

Canadian West. And, in nine cases out of ten, you will find in the visitor to Canada the keenest appreciation of the opportunities that we, ourselves, pass over each day. In business, in industry and in agriculture you will find the same condition to exist, the moral of which is that opportunity, like charity, begins—or *should* begin—at home.

# THE LOST MISTRESS

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

SO near and far are love and hate,
So close are heaven and hell,
That I must go away to-night,
Who loved you, dear, too well.

One kiss to last a lifetime, lad,
One beat of heart on heart,
One light good-bye—good luck—good night—
And then I must depart.

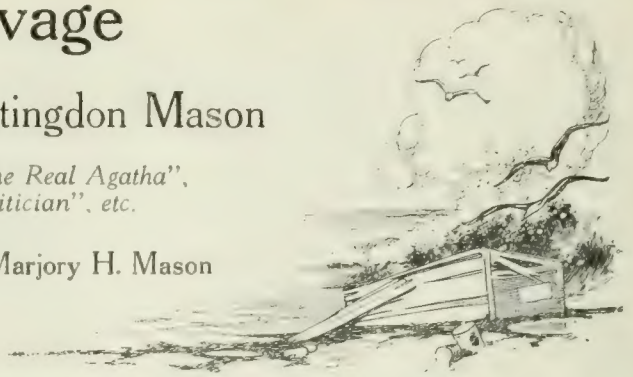
You asked too little and too much,
I gave too well, too ill;
So there's an end and here's an end;
And there's my road uphill.

# Salvage

## By Edith Huntingdon Mason

*Author of "The Real Agatha", "The Politician", etc.*

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason



HE sat on the last step of the magnificent staircase that faced the small square hall, and smoked a retrospective cigarette while he waited for her coming precisely as he had done every night of his three weeks' stay at the Haven for Refugees.

That was not its official title, of course, for it was nothing more nor less than a boarding-house, but he had named it so, careless of the obvious, because the character of its inmates was too apparent to be mistaken. Stress of circumstance had unquestionably drawn together the forty odd people which its palatial roof sheltered, and Fate, the realist, had marked each and every one of them, in big bold letters, "Salvage."

They sat in rows about the large open fire, and he viewed them apathetically, noting again their indifference to their surroundings, the beautiful stained glass windows of the hall, the solid redwood walls and floor and the artistic beauty of the stairs. It was the only sitting-room they had,—the hall. The other apartments on the ground floor had been thrown into one big dining-room, but they seemed not to mind their close quarters and crowded about the fire three rows deep and mused silently upon their share of the tragedy which had bowed them all.

And it was on this account, because sorrow had made of them a brotherhood, that he looked at them without curiosity or conjecture, because he knew that he and they had become a part of the life at the Haven for Refugees for the same reason, and the knowledge made him as well acquainted w th them as if he had known them always.

If misery loves company it also does duty as a card of introduction. Not that he cared to know them individually or that he expected to. It was merely a case of acceptance of each other, and of facts, on their part and on his part. He felt now, as he looked at them, old and young, both men and women, some str cken, some brave, but all silent, all grave, all busy with turning over the particular personal problem the general disaster had given them to face, as if he were in a way related to them all, and they equally related to him. And yet he could not remember having spoken to any one of them in all that three weeks. People didn't speak much in the Haven for Refugees.

There was something about its spacious rooms, now dissected checkerboard-like by irreverent partitions, and the haste, not to say ruthlessness, with which its recent elegance had been sacrificed to the exigencies of boarding-house requirements, that somehow inhibited laughter and gay voices.

Like the people under its roof the house itself seemed to be marked "Salvage." With the sun of its late prosperity hardly set, it already had begun to take on the aspect of ill-used grandeur that so quickly falls to the lot of the family mansion which no longer knows its own kind. Handsome as to exterior, rich as to interior, but empty of those for whose pleasure it had been built, it tood a monument to the transitory nature of earthly joys and the swift passing of the glory of the world. It was impossible not to know when mounting its beautiful stair-case, that young and happy people once had sat and flirted there, with no thought of the morrow; it was impossible not to guess when first viewing the tiny rooms into which the great ball-room had been divided, that here had been once the scene of light-hearted revelry and youthful joy.

As the man at the foot of the stairs sat and waited for her, he remembered how that very morning he had stood at the window of his apartment, which comprised a corner of what had once been a billiard room, and had pondered upon these things and had mourned or those careless, happy, high-spirited youths who at one time must have made those walls resound with laughter and the click of ivory balls. Fascinated though he had been by the beauty of the view across the bay mystified by the enormity of the ruin which had once been a city, and thrilled and stimulated as he was by the activity of reconstruction, still he had not been able to help perceiving the immensity of the shadow which hung so close on the heels of the sunshine, and which told the tale of tragedy without, even as the dishonored billiard room told it within.

And she,—she was the very essence of the tragedy, the very incarnation of bereavement. Yet it was not for this that he had remarked her, or the determinate gloom of her vestiture, but because she was the most beautiful thing to look at there, or for that matter, that he could remember ever having seen before. He was or had been previous to the stupendous calamity that had come near to equalizing the artisan and beggar, pauper and prince, an architect with a growing reputation for success in the requirements of his profession, and his Beaux Arts certificate of graduation recorded honors enough to give value at once to his adjudgment of beauty.

And so he sat and waited there at the foot of the stairs, retrospective cigarette in hand, the firelight playing capriciously through the carved balustrades upon his powerful head and shoulders and his puritan profile, as he turned his face upward toward the hall above, expectant, intent and eager.

And at ast she came, slender and round of form, gold-haired and white-throated, and seated herself, according to her custom, just half way down the stairs, where she could see without being seen, and warm her body in the light of the fire, and nourish her soul with the hope which human companionship inspired. It was better than the blackness of her little room on the third floor and the ceaseless lamentations of the old servant who had been her mother's housekeeper, and who absolutely represented the sum total of the ties the earthquake had left her, either of friendship or of kindred.

Exactly half-way down the stairs she seated herself as she had done so many evenings before, and arranged the frank folds of her mourning raiment with mechanical, white hands, and without so much as a rustle.

And exactly as he had done, so many evenings before, the young man on the last step rose to his feet and looked up at her, noting anew her young grace, and the terrifying fixity of her gaze, from which it d d not seem possible that anything could banish the horror.

But she did not notice him at all, only leant her chin on her hand and stared over the bannister down at the silent people in the hall, like a person in a dream who does nothing wittingly and expects soon to awaken to a realer life, a truer vision. This did not seem to disturb him, however. His impulse to rise had been instinctive and in homage merely. One does not hope for recognition from a queen, cr

expect the angels to stoop earthwards. It was privilege enough to sit and look at her; it had been indeed his only pleasure during the three weeks following the shock which had suddenly disorganized his life, and it satisfied him. He could not have imagined that a girl could look so young and yet lack nothing in womanliness of form, could not have dreamed a face so lovely could look so piteous. And the fine upward ripple of her rich gold hair he knew could be nothing else than the stolen glory of some saint.

In the midst of his reflections, even as the artist in him marvelled and admired, he saw with the suddenness of a blow in the face, with a surprise that he might have felt if the marble statue of Aphrodite had broken into tears before his eyes, that she was crying, saw that she had ceased to look down upon the silent people in the hall below, that she bent her shoulders and wept and wept.

And when that first surprise had passed, realization came, and the effect upon him was as if he had been imperatively called, as if some voice he had always known had assailed his ears with a cry for help, some voice that he must obey, that he loved to answer.

With the second faint shudder of her sobs he was beside her and felt that she knew he had come. Yet he did not sit close to her, did not touch even the hem of her dress, nor did he glance at her. Instead he covered his face with his hands as she had done, and when he had sat so a moment and heard her weeping, a sense of his own loss came over him in a fresh wave of feeling, bitter and poignant. And immediately every low soul-shaking sob from her found its voiceless echo in the deep chest of the man.

When the first hard paroxysm of their grief had passed they looked up and met each other's gaze, and he saw that for the moment she was comforted. And the conviction that it was because they had mourned together came upon him with a shock of such earnest gratitude because it was so that the swift succession of emotions deprived his strong dark face of color.

Such a look it was that she gave him! The fright for the instant fled, the pinch of the delicate nostrils quite gone, the hopelessness wiped out. Youth and softness and love bloomed again in the wonder of mutual understanding. Then she rose while he still sat silent and transfixed, and soundlessly passed from him, ascending while he counted the inexorable stairs, into the jealous fastness of the hall above.

But he made no grievance of this, felt no resentment, nor even wondered. Surely he had of Heaven all that he could have asked. Had he not by that impulsive sharing of sorrow leapt at one bound from the abyss of nonentity to the heights of intimacy, to the elysium of a personal relation, consecrated beyond the power of evil to alter it, by the sacrament of tears?

Days passed meaninglessly to him after that, for it was not until the third evening succeeding that momentous one that he saw her again. For some reason inexplicable to him, she sat no longer on the stair-case. But in spite of that his faith remained unshaken. Some time he wou'd see her again. He could wait, now that he knew. And on the evening of the third day the impossible happened. He came in late to his dinner, and sat down hurriedly, only to find that she was sitting at his table. He hardly knew whether he looked at her or whether some sixth sense told him of her presence. Certainly their eyes did not meet, he could not have been in doubt about that. Her deep blue gaze was too we l remembered in his heart to permit of such a thing. The meal dragged on somehow, but it was not until everyone else had gone, including the other person at their little table, that they spoke.

He never knew exactly how it was that they found speech or who it was that spoke first, only that it seemed somehow as if they had talked together always.

"Our old housekeeper who usually dines with me is not well," she told him,—her use of the pronoun "our" fell upon his ears with indescribable pathos—"and I couldn't dine with strangers, so I came to your table."

SHE SEATED HERSELF WHERE SHE COULD SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN; AND THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED UP AT HER, SEEING [illegible]

Her voice was soft and as vibrant as the low tones of a violin.

There was an interval in which they said little, sipping their coffee without conscious intention and looking at each other, until she mentioned the scene on the stairs.

"Tell me," she said, "why you came?"

He leaned toward her to answer.

"Because you wept," he said. "Tell me why."

She hesitated, then one enlightening sentence rushed from her lips.

"This house was my home," she said, quivering.

He started back before the shock of it, his mind recurring at once to his morning's musing in the billiard room. "Then it was perhaps your father or brothers who used to play at billiards in the room where I sleep?" he could not keep from asking. "Yes," she admitted, more calmly. "My father and brothers. They were so fond of that room."

He was silent. He could seem to find no word to comfort her in the face of that fateful past tense she used so simply, and she spoke again presently, turning his thoughts upon himself.

"And your sorrow,—what is it?" she asked, unsatisfied without a mutual exchange of confidence. That he had his tragedy also she could not doubt, first because she had seen him mourn, and second because tragedy was the one thing that all the inmates of the Haven for Refugees had in common.

"I had no one in the world but my mother," he told her. "I lost her in the same moment that my small fortune was annihilated. Because I had her I succeeded in my profession,—I am an architect,—but I shall not succeed again. I am penniless, and—" he had been speaking jerkily and paused now as if he felt that in this lay the essence of his sorrow, "and alone."

She had not wept in telling her own tragedy, but now the bright tears began to fall down upon her clasped hands quietly but undisguisedly.

"If a man had someone to work for," he added as an afterthought, so taken up with his own sorrowful reflections that he did not observe her emotion, "he might perhaps begin again,—he might again succeed."

Then suddenly and without warning, utterly devoid of premeditation, a question sprang unbidden to his lips. "Will you?" he asked her, and flung out his fine strong hand to her across the table.

She did not speak at once, and the tears continued to flow while he watched them, breathless with the knowledge that they were shed for him. Then a miracle dawned before his eyes, for still without speaking she wound the fingers of both her slim hands into his one big one and hung upon it as if she would never let it go. In much the same way, a person who is drowning, clutches the sturdy log that succors him.

And so these two who had drifted together in the whirlpool of life, were caught up by the same force that had placed them there, and set down again upon the broad safe surface of the open stream.

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# THE STREET OF FORLORN HOPES

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

LONG, grey and dingy runs the street away,
Store after little store, sign after sign,
An eight-mile stretch of trembling hopes, grim fears—
What weight of petty tragedy is thine!

# Good Fellows of the Trail

## BEING THE STORY OF A LIVELY TRIP BY SCOW DOWN THE FRASER RIVER

By Frederick Foster

With Photographs by the Author

THE "FLAGSHIP" OF OUR FLEET, ON WHICH THIRTY-FIVE TONS OF SUPPLIES WERE CARRIED DOWN THE FRASER

"STEADY there, Old Timer. Pull her over a little—look out for that 'sweeper'. Easy on the sweeps, boys, let her go down with the current, when we're opposite that cut-bank give her hell. *Now pull.*"

It was Ford bellowing orders to the other men who, like himself, were pulling like galley slaves at the four heavy sweeps thereby keeping the scow in her course. You have met Ford if you ever hit the trail, canoed a hundred miles on a northern river or read a Stewart Edward White novel. This time I met him on the Fraser River in British Columbia.

I had crossed the wheat laden prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta on a Grand Trunk Pacific

train and arrived in the shadow of a track laying machine at the head of navigation of the Fraser. My destination being four hundred miles further west, my problem was means of transportation. The superintendent of a railway construction camp told me two methods were open. First, I could wait an indefinite period of several days until one of the steamboats came up; or, second, I could go down the river on one of the three scows which would leave the next morning. The first method promised comfort but would leave me still two hundred miles from my destination. The second promised a new experience and would take me a hundred miles beyond the steamboats' goal. I chose the latter.

My introduction to Sam Magoffin, the owner of the scows, followed.

"Sure; come along—be glad to have you," he answered the proposition of having a passenger. And the way he said it left no doubt in my mind. The next morning the last truck loads of supplies were put aboard, the final "checking up" of both men and cargo made and the ropes cast off. We were under way.

Leading the fleet was the "flagship" carrying the pilot, who did some queer piloting, Ford and Moore, both ex-lumber jacks, the cook and several other men including Sam, myself and "Slim". Slim who was one of those "been there" fellows. The streets of Rio Janeiro were as familiar to him as those of New Orleans. London and Calcutta, Pekin and Honolulu, Vera Cruz and Melbourne were among his stopping places. Last winter he trapped on the Athabasca and the year before he picked hops in Oregon. Slim was like a tea kettle on a hot stove—continually bubbling. And far be it from me to say his bubbling was not entertaining—it was. He recited his experiences with that becoming modesty that marks the true globe trotter; not with the blase air assumed by the school girl whose trip to Niagara Falls is her first and only sojourn of a week away from Lucknow.

The second scow was in charge of "Louie", a French-Canadian riverman, who had with him ten men gathered from north, east, south and west. The third was in charge of Knull, fair, fat and forty, whose German accent made no impression upon the ten Fins he had on board. Now Fins are rather clannish. That's the reason Knull had a crew of them. Also these same Fins—save one—knew not a word of English or German. This one lone Fin knew some English and acted as interpreter—for one day. On the evening of the first day out he jumped ashore, snubbing rope in hand, for the express purpose of twisting the rope around a convenient tree a few times and thereby tying the scow up for the night. But the rope was heavy, the water swift, the bank steep and slippery. The Fin slipped, the rope slipped, the scow went merrily on its way and nine sons of Finland set up a wail in nine different keys, but all on the same theme.

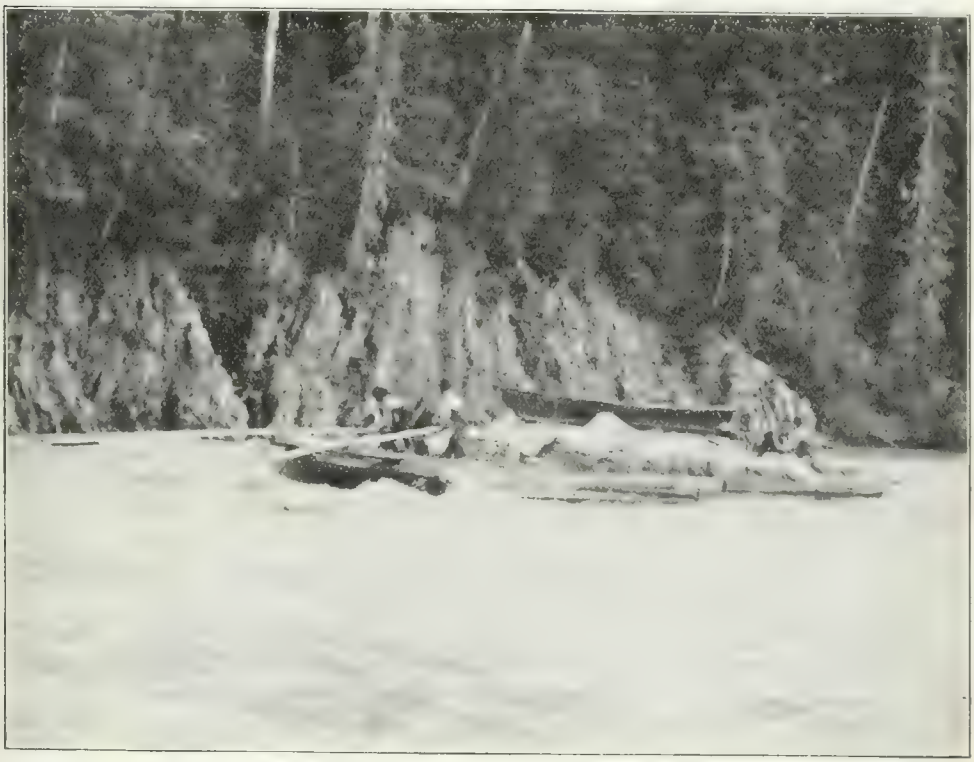
Knull was in a predicament. The only man he had to whom he could talk was left high and dry on a shore so densely covered with underbrush that to catch up with the scow was impossible for him and the swift water made it equally impossible for the scow to be stopped by "nosing" into the bank. The other two scows carried the row boats and were out of sight and hearing. Hence Knull and his crew went floating into the night without the interpreter, eventually "tying up" in quiet water some miles below. It is supposed the interpreter made his way back to the construction camp; certain it is that Knull believed in signs before the journey ended.

Each of the three scows carried a thirty-five ton cargo. On ours were several tons of beans, flour, hams, bacon and beef, a ton of sugar, ten chests of tea, a thousand pounds of butter and a ton of lard and many boxes of canned goods, also ten tons of blacksmith coal. Louie's scow was loaded with several tons of potatoes, quantities of canned goods and a conglomerate mass of railway construction work supplies—shovels, picks, axes, wheel-barrows, chains, rope, cant-hooks and so forth. Knull's scow carried no grub, other than that provided for the crew for the trip down the river, but

was loaded with additional camp and construction work supplies.

All three of the unwieldy craft were made of spruce planks, four inches thick by ten inches wide, nailed together with forty-penny spikes. The cracks were calked and melted pitch poured into them. The steering apparatus consisted of four sweeps, or oars, about twenty feet long and six

and stern were differentiated by the cook stove, the only individuality the stern had) another one at the stern was sufficient to keep the scow from drifting ashore but more often at least four men were required and when particularly swift water was encountered every man on board, except the cook, worked till the sweat oozed from every pore.



A NARROW SQUEAK FOR THE SCOW IN THE GRAND CANON OF THE FRASER, WHERE EVERYBODY WORKED AS IF POSSESSED TO KEEP US OFF THE BANK

inches through the thickest part, tapering at one end to afford a handhold, the other end shaped flat and rather thin like an oar. These sweeps had been hewn from spruce trees and each weighed near 150 pounds. Planking extended beyond each of the four corners of the scow and supported sweep locks in which the sweeps worked as though on a pivot. In quiet water usually one man at the bow (the bow

That cook tried the Finn stunt one night. Had it not been for the row boat he too would have been left on the bank. The boat picked him up and when he was landed on the scow he calmly informed all present that he knew nothing about "snubbin' a hitch," which brought additional laughter from the rivermen who had often "snubbed a rope" but never a hitch. After that experience "cook"

decided he was too heavy for light work and altogether too light for heavy work.

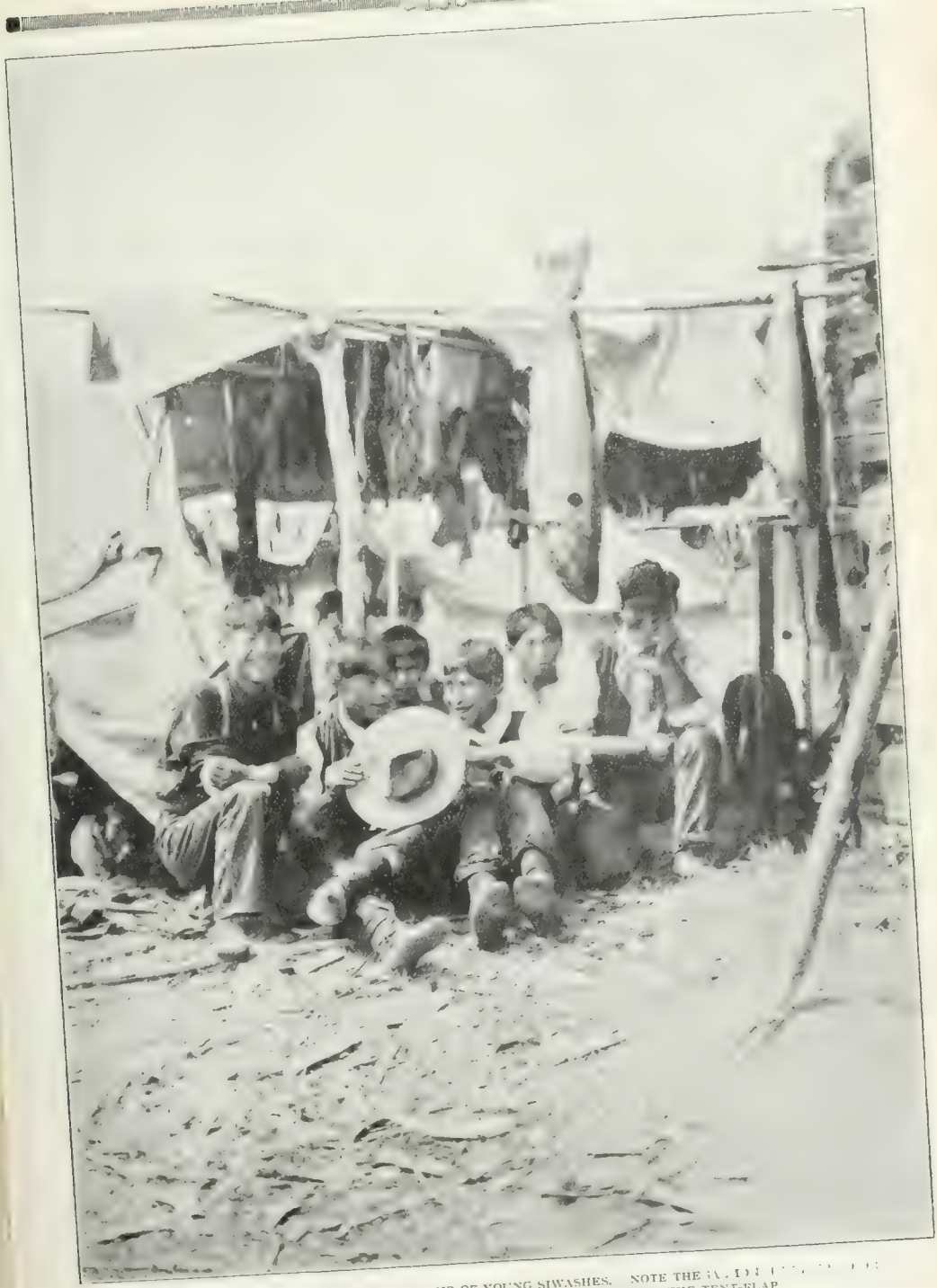
These three scows and many more like them are but links in the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The actual building is being done by sub-contractors. Sam Magoffin was one of these. Sam hasn't yet seen thirty years but his experience in slicing chunks out of the Rockies in the States that a Pullman may cross without waking the lightest sleepers it carries was sufficient to secure him the contract for clearing and grading several miles of right-of-way along the Fraser in central British Columbia. The scows were built expressly to transport to the scene of his contract a winter's supplies of food and construction supplies for seventy-five to one hundred men.

It was the last Wednesday in June at ten o'clock in the morning when our start was made. At one o'clock in the afternoon an island hove in sight. The pilot said, "Keep to the right of the island". Ford and Moore raised not a dissenting voice though the current plainly told them "left". The pilot was obeyed. Then we spent five hours getting off a sand bar. Did you ever try to get a thirty-five ton scow off a sand bar with eleven-man-power? After we spent four of these hours waist deep in the water which a few hours previous was snow on the mountain peaks; had pushed, pulled, pried and lifted without moving the scow an inch, Ford, the old sinner, said:

"Well, boys, the pilot put us up here, but it seems as though he can't take us off. I suppose I'll have to." Whereupon he proceeded to rig up what he termed a Spanish windlass. One end of a rope was tied to the scow, the other to a tree ashore. A twist of the rope was made around a row boat oar and the oar held in a vertical position, then another oar was inserted through another twist in the rope and worked in a horizontal position, describing a complete circle, thus winding the rope around the first oar. With one man holding the one oar upright and four others, two at each end, operating the other one an enormous pull was exerted and we were soon again on our way. From that moment, Ford was the man of the hour. That evening, while tying up for the night, a cold disagreeable rain set in and continued throughout the night and following day. A tent was improvised by cutting two small trees and lashing them together to form a ridge pole which in turn was supported by two other poles at each end lashed in a V shape. Over this skeleton the tarpaulin was spread and provided dry quarters for those not working on the sweeps; however, as all of us took turns no one suffered any hardship. The rain and the melting snows from the mountains caused the river to rise rapidly and on the evening of the second day out, landing was made extremely difficult by the rapid water.

Once we were carried shoreward so rapidly that, although the heavy sweeps were strained by the muscle thrown against them, we could not avoid smashing into a large overhanging tree—"a sweeper"—which broke an eight-inches-in-diameter upright off the scow as though it were a match stick. Also one of the limbs grabbed a couple of sacks of flour and sifted it into the river,—"Casting bread upon the waters," Slim said.

The long twilights made landing unnecessary until nine o'clock but this evening our first attempt to land was made at eight, our successful attempt two hours later. We were enabled to land only by working the scow into a great eddy which whirled us around and around as though we were riding on a cork. It was gratifying, however, to see the eddy was carrying us a little nearer to shore with each revolution and when finally we were able to get a rope ashore, I think all of us breathed a little more freely. We knew Goat Rapids was not very far below us; how far, whether a mile or twenty miles, no one knew. To shoot Goat Rapids in daylight is sufficiently thrilling; to shoot them at night—well, if anyone ever did and lived, he never had nerve enough to tell about it for fear no one would believe him.



A QUARTER'S WORTH OF POSE FROM A GROUP OF YOUNG SIWASHES. NOTE THE [illegible]
AND THE BASHFUL INTEREST OF THE LITTLE GIRL UNDER THE TENT-FLAP

Soon after the scow was made fast for the night every man was in his blankets, for the day had been a hard one. We had made a run of sixteen hours without a stop and hardly an hour was spent away from the sweeps. As near as could be estimated, we had averaged four miles an hour for the sixteen hours. That doesn't sound fast. But remember this was a scow carrying seventy thousand pounds, floating with the current. During the last two of these sixteen hours surely we came sixteen miles, or eight miles an hour, which is going some when on a scow at dark with boiling rapids a little way below.

The river was still rising rapidly and was full of brush, stumps, big trees, little trees and trees which had toppled in from cut-banks. Much of this debris was caught by this same eddy which had been our salvation and by it was swirled around until at times a tree larger than the others would reach out its branches and scrape them over the tarpaulin or along the side of the scow making a weird sound. Then sleepy eyes would see a fallen monarch of the forest slipping over the oily waters into the night for all the world like some strange fantastic ghost.

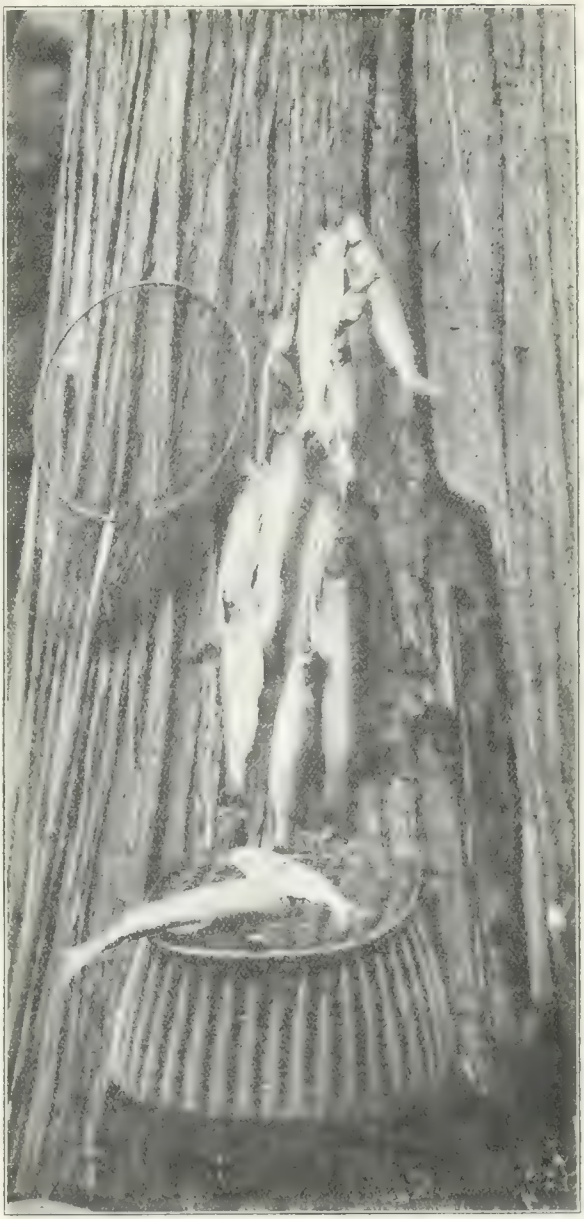
The morning was again ushered in by a cold rain and the river was now fully eight feet higher than at its normal stage. Our start was made at eight o'clock, at least two hours later than usual. We had breakfasted in relays for each moment the water was rising and consequently was swifter. "Cook" was generously dealing out fried potatoes, bacon, eggs, bread and butter and tea, when someone yelled "White water ahead". Every man knew "white water" at this point meant Goat Rapids. Every man who wasn't already at a sweep jumped for the nearest one; then Ford sang out, "Steady there, Old Timer. Pull her over a little—Look out for that sweeper—Easy on the sweeps, boys, let her go down with the current—When we're opposite that cut-bank, give her hell. *Now*! *Pull*!"

I've heard the old guard of "Sixty-one" tell how their nervousness of the hour preceding the battle was electrified into a keen sense of enjoyment by the first rifle shot. I believe eleven men on that scow experienced that feeling. I don't believe there was a man aboard who an hour before was not wishing there were no Goat Rapids. As firmly do I believe not a man on board but who wished Goat Rapids were six miles long instead of three, once the bow sweeps struck the first foaming water. Dangerous! Yes. Had the scow struck one of the numerous rocks over which the water was boiling, eleven men would have been in the water with small chance of getting out alive. And there were many chances to strike. Rafts, canoes and scows have been torn to pieces there, sometimes the men got to shore safely, many times not. A week later the steamboat I passed up for the scow struck and one hundred and eighty tons of supplies and fifty horses were thrown overboard to prevent the boat from going down. Fortunately perhaps for us the water was high, for, although it was swift and doubtless would have worked greater havoc had we hit any of the larger rocks, it certainly made passage over many smaller ones possible which in low or normal water poke black noses above the surface, or worse still, lie just deep enough to be concealed and ready to rip a raft, scow, canoe or steamboat apart.

But we shot Goat Rapids in safety; in fact, without so much as hitting a floating log. We did, however, come dangerously near hitting rocks but our closest call I think came near the foot of the rapids when the curve we rounded revealed a log jam dead ahead. When striking it seemed a certainty, the swift current, aided by a frantic working of the sweeps, veered us slightly to one side and to safety. Not since we were hung up on the sand bar had we seen either of the other scows, so we felt relieved when we overtook Louie that evening and learnt both he and Knull came through the Goat as fortunately as we.

Below the rapids the river broadened perceptibly, consequently the current was not so swift. In fact, at times the river seemed almost sluggish. The

balance of this day and all of the next passed without mishap. We made not more than three miles an hour and now the country tributary to the river was more rolling, although we could see the peaks of the Rockies to the east, while ahead of us, almost due north, could be discerned a range of hills hardly rugged or high enough to be dignified by the word "mountains". However, we knew where these hills and the river met was a canyon of no mean proportion. The Grand Canyon of the Fraser it is called. In reality there are two distinct canyons separated by a half mile of quiet water. We reached the head of the upper canyon Sunday morning and tied up at "Canyon Cache". This is another railway construction camp much like the one from which we started and in addition, as the name implies, is a store house for supplies, hundreds of tons of which were being brought down the river by steamboat. Before the river freezes all the supplies must be cached here to maintain five thousand or more men and five hundred or more head of horses throughout the winter. These men and animals are distributed along approximately two hundred miles of right-of-way and the Canyon Cache is their main supply depot.



LAKE TROUT FROM A BRITISH COLUMBIA RIVER

Four French-Canadian rivermen are stationed at this point; their only duty being to take scows loaded with railway construction supplies through the canyon. For five dollars a day each of these men face a watery grave, but one must admire their splendid nerve when one sees a scow manned by them take its plunge into the torrent of foamy water. Good fortune still attended the three scows for each was taken through the upper canyon without other mishap than the loss of a sweep. When the last of the three was tied up in the quiet water separating the two canyons it was after seven o'clock in the evening and the four rivermen refused to negotiate the lower canyon until the following day.

So it was decided that each crew

would take their own scow through. Louie led the way, Knull followed fifteen minutes later and we brought up the rear in a half hour. At the entrance to the canyon the river made a sharp bend and the current threw the bow of the scow violently against the rock wall, then the stern swung out until the current hit broadside and carried us into a wider channel. Again fortunately the water was high enough to take us safely over many rocks and the whirlpool at the foot of the canyon. During the low water stage this whirlpool is one of the most dangerous places on the upper Fraser. The pool is about sixty feet in diameter and when the water is low the whirlpool "fills and empties" at short intervals. If a canoe is lucky enough to strike the pool when it's filled almost invariably it shoots across in safety. But let one strike it when the "bottom falls out" of the whirlpool and the chances are it will be sucked down into the vortex.

We were again in quiet water and now in a country more thickly peopled. Pre-emptors' cabins, snuggled in their clearings with the tall fir, cedar and spruce trees as a back-ground, imparted that picturesqueness noted only in a new country. There was little change in the appearance of either the river or country during the following day and about the only thing to break the monotony was a young beaver which swam parallel with the scow an hundred or more yards away. He seemed consumed with curiosity which eventually was satisfied after keeping up the race for a mile or so when he ducked out of sight and seconds afterward his head appeared, nose pointed up-stream, and away he went back to his "Beaverville".

Tuesday morning we reached Giscombe Portage and found the other two scows had arrived an hour or so previous. At this point one may portage seven miles over a government road to Summit Lake from where, by canoe, one may go down Crooked River to Lake McLeod, thence over Lake McLeod down Pack River which empties into the Parsnip, down the Parsnip into the Peace and down the Peace to Great Slave Lake. At this point also the Fraser makes a sharp turn southward and continues its course to the Pacific Ocean.

Giscombe Portage has two other distinctive features. First, the general store here is the first one to be seen after leaving Tete Jaune Cache more than three hundred miles east. Second a mile below the general store Giscombe Rapids begins. This rapids is equally as dangerous and more than twice as long as Goat Rapids. As my destination was beyond the destination of the scows my plan was to go ashore at Giscombe Rapids and there engage a canoe. This I did. We had come two hundred and sixty miles in an actual running—or floating—time of sixty-seven and one-half hours which, so far as is known, is record time for any scow making the same trip. No serious accidents had befallen any of the three scows or the men who manned them and with genuine regret I stood on the bank and waved goodbye to ten good fellows of the trail.

# THIEF

BY DOROTHY GREEN

"THIEF !"—that's the name, lad,
The world has given you.
Would I might deny it
But it's all too true.

For though you right the wrong, lad,
And stain your hands no more,
The pride and faith you've taken
You never can restore.

# The Octogenarian

By Will E. Ingersoll

## A STORY OF A JOUST WITH TIME

With Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

IT WAS the golden stacking-time, and the rack stood under a rim of sheaves that steadily mounted and grew as the load on the rack lowered, sheaf by yellow sheaf.

The Old Man, a gray and brick-red Neptune, whose shaggy head moved just above the surface of the stack and who thrust up regularly a trident of bright steel from which a sheaf fell, in a spray of chaff, wrought now on the last of his load. The grain-rack creaked beneath his weight with a void sound, and the bottom-boards, gray and strewn with kernels of new wheat that had shelled out, showed themselves here and there from under the last row of sheaves.

Hector McKinnon, the iron-thewed son who stood in the centre of the stack, building the yellow faggots of straw in concentric rows, noted that the sheaves came up tardily. To a stranger, the easy and tireless fork-play of the Old Man—the quick, deft turn of the wrist, the effortless slide, up and down the haft of the fork, of the fulcrum-like lifting-hand—would have seemed skill at its zenith and steady speed at its acme; but Hector knew that the stout old farmer was to-day only working at half-pressure, and this in the strenuous harvest-season.

There was that, too, in the expression, that drew the attention of the middle-aged and iron-gray son, who had worked in fast alliance and sympathy with his father for fifty of the old pioneer's eighty years. The Old Man was turned facing the sun, the rugged chart of his wrinkles thus in the full light of day; and Hector, glancing at him as the clockwork upthrust of the pitchfork slacked and halted like a mechanism running down, saw that the lines of the face, usually tense and zestful, were set in a stolid, ox-like, inexpressive mask.

"Let 'em come, Father; yon's Neil, drawin' up with the next load." The reminder was given with deference; for the government of the McKinnon family had always been patriarchal and the dictator the Father.

Old Hugh McKinnon threw back his shoulders, like one casting down a burden. His blue eyes glinted up imperiously.

"Let 'em come, eh ?" he repeated; and Hector, though he forked dexterously, was in a moment knee-deep in big, dry sheaves. The last one on the load, somersaulting high in the air, saluted him smartly on the side of the head, filling his shirt-collar with crisp husks and chaff.

"There, then!" said the Old Man, as he threw his fork with a clang in the bottom of the empty rack and drove away from the side of the stack. "Are ye suited now, Hector ?"

He flung the words hardily back, balancing himself without effort to the jolting and swaying of the rack. He stamped his foot and snapped the loose rein-ends with energy at the fat, sleepy team. But these manifestations ceased strangely, ceased of themselves, before he reached the thistled edge of the stubble-field. Hector, watching from the stack, saw the gray hair, thick and spreading like a lion's mane, droop lower upon the broad, stooping

shoulders, and the head drowse forward over the driving-reins. The son, leaning on his fork, found himself repeating, as his own utterance, Old Man McKinnon's slogan of health:

"Eighty years of age, an' never sick a day. Good friends with ever'body but the Doctor. He wun't speak to me."

Dinner-time came, with high noon upon the yellow fields and a splendid hunger telling the hour to the farmers more certainly than clock or dial. In the farm kitchen, clean and savory, the potatoes and turnips in their kettle bubbled, mealy for the mashing; and Mother McKinnon stood out beneath the low eaves and made a dinner-horn of her two hands. Her voice was deep and full; but the baritone hail went out twice across the field before the Old Man heard, sent back his usual "Ho-o-oy !", and signalled his sons to unhitch their teams.

The mother, pausing on the stoop, shaded her eyes with her hand, looking at her husband steadily and long. Robustly as she had sent the dinner-call, it was strange that ears sixty years attuned had missed the hail.

The subsidence of clattering trace-hooks and splashing water at the well was followed presently by the approach, up the path from the stable, of the farmer and his five sons. They came in their usual grouping: Old Man McKinnon and Hector walking ahead; Neil, a taciturn giant, following by himself; and Archie, Dan and Malcolm bringing up the rear.

Mother McKinnon received her husband with her gray head, manlike and massive as to chin, nose and neck, turning after him in a continued and steady regard.

Generation after generation, her family, in its rugged, homely and sinewy longevity, told off the years lightly, reaching the eighties and nineties with the hale core of life burning vigorously beneath the gray, the wrinkles and the tan. But there had been those who were ripe when she was young; and she had seen the prevalence, delayed but sure, of Time

MAKING A DINNER-HORN OF HER TWO HANDS, MOTHER MCKINNON SENT A BARITONE HAIL ACROSS THE FIELDS

upon the strong. In her maidenhood, womanhood and mid-age, she had seen successively the passing of a great-grandfather, a grandfather and a father; and the herald manifestations of the end were fixed and strong in her memory.

"Do ye think ye will know me again, Mother ?" enquired Old Man McKinnon, gruffly as, walking to the head of the table, he turned and faced her scrutiny. Mother McKinnon dropped her eyes and brought the bacon from

the stove-pan, piled high and savory for the six great soap-shining and shirted figures that waited in their chairs about the board. Few words, as always, were spent during the meal. The mother, eating little, attended with the precision of habit the needs of the table. She did not look again at her husband; but into her eyes, deep and maternal in their map of wrinkles, came an expression thoughtful and convinced, prepared and stoic.

Old Man McKinnon pushed his plate from before him, set his two brown hands upon the edge of the table and, looking furtively at his wife, raised himself to his feet with a kind of swagger and went to the doorway.

"Hector," he said, shading his eyes as he looked down the trail, "Hector, boy, we should be ready to plow in yon west field when the stooks is cleared off it. I'll go to the town this afternoon with them ploughshares. You boys finish the stackin'."

The sons looked at each other and passed out. Hector and the mother crossed glances; and wordlessly, with his head bent, the eldest filed after the others to hitch for the field.

The Old Man, sitting in the light wagon, drove the bronchos curvetting into the loop of the town trail. The harvest sun beat down upon him in full strength; but even in that bright bath of heat, he felt, not sultriness, but only a comfortable warmth. A light breeze was abroad; and when, with a flutter of the yellow flower-heads by the roadside, it leapt up the foreboard of the wagon and blew upon his ankles, he dropped his feet to the bottom of the box with a sensation of slight chill.

He looked down upon his hand, spread upon his knee in an habitual posture, masterful and proprietary. It was a great hand, knuckled and seamed as oak-bark; but the skin was tight and dry, and crinkled torpidly, like paper, when the fingers were straightened. Looking at the limb, in its triple aspect of homeliness, strength and age, the old man, nodding his head above it, saw it plainest in its phase of age and decay.

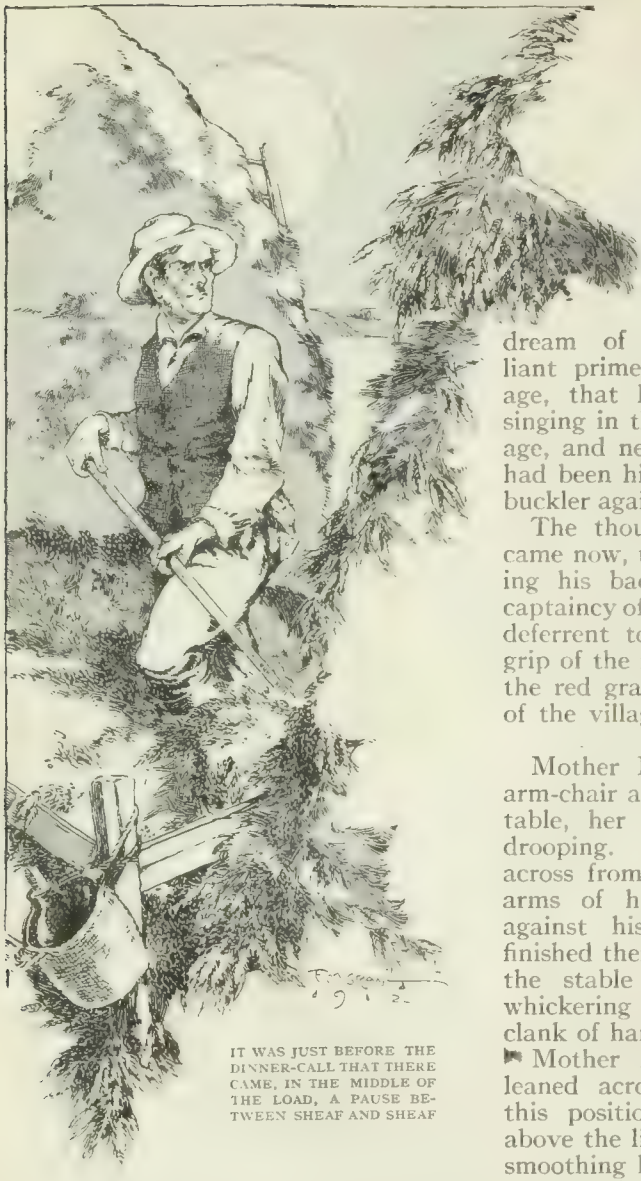
"I am an old man," he said, his voice suddenly full of thrilling and troubled discovery. Many times, since he had passed the Psalmist's milestone, had he trumpeted the lapse of his years, but never before had he acknowledged his eld.

His gray head shook as he lifted it. He had passed the margin of the stubble-fields, left behind him the stacks and the fences. He was unmoored upon the prairie, the breeze bugling in his ears, before him the free sweep of the trail.

In a twinkling, there had closed over him a round canvas roof, and he was sitting in a vehicle that swayed and creaked. Horns grew out between the ears of the bronchos; they wallowed shamblingly in their harness; their graceful flanks became knuckled and bovine. A bracing wildness spread upon the knolls, the sloughs emerald and elfin, the bluffs shaken with wind. Spicily in upon his nostrils came the mint-aroma from the grassy hollows, the scent of wild clover from the upland. He was again robust and full-veined and young, coming hardily to his Canaan, to subdue and to possess.

But the vision fell away as swiftly as it came. The bronchos, feeling the languor in the wrists of their driver, had sprung into an excited canter, and the spokes of the light wagon spun madly as they dashed down a slope ending in a sharp loop. The old man shortened the reins and drew in with such angry power that he brought the team to a stop within the length of the wagon. He made them take the balance of the slope at a walk, their flanks against the whiffletrees.

An onlooker might have seen nothing perturbing in the incident; but Old Man McKinnon knew that his arm-muscles had responded with unwonted slowness, and that nerves he had always delighted to compare with iron had been shaken into anger with a strange ease.



IT WAS JUST BEFORE THE DINNER-CALL THAT THERE CAME, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOAD, A PAUSE BETWEEN SHEAF AND SHEAF

"I am an old man." The words came of themselves now; and along the farmer's rude groove of thought flowed the impression that they had been said, not by himself, but by a voice great and sane and prevalent, and that they were not a soliloquy but a fiat.

The solid base of his strength was slipping, slipping. He had seen the passing of the strong men of his family. With no outward index of decay, they—his father, and his father's father—had laid down their tools, lapsed into a week's impotent brooding, and gone. This gloomy triumph of Death, thus twice seen, had challenged him strangely and strongly. It had seemed like the losing of a fight to a palpable enemy; and it had been the steady dream of his sure youth, his reliant prime, and his undefeated old age, that he would die in harness, singing in the field. "Eighty years of age, and never a day sick. . ." It had been his battle-cry, his shield, his buckler against Time and Death.

The thought, sixty years his ally, came now, uncurdling him, straightening his back, giving him again the captaincy of his forces! The bronchos, deferrent to the new firmness in his grip of the reins, trotted decorously as the red grain elevators at the bourne of the village notched the skyline.

Mother McKinnon sat in the big arm-chair at the foot of the breakfast-table, her eyes lonely, her wrinkles drooping. Old Man McKinnon was across from her, his elbows upon the arms of his chair, his beard sunk against his chest. The sons had finished their meal and gone; and from the stable came intermittently the whickering of horses and the morning clank of harness-rings.

Mother McKinnon stood up and leaned across the table. Thrice, in this position, she started to speak, above the litter of cold dishes. Then, smoothing her apron with a trepidant gesture, she stepped noiselessly to the side of her man.

"Hughie," she said slowly, in her deep voice the note of the coronach, "will I get ye the staff?"

The Old Man started, as if the words had been thundered in his ear, or as if the voice that spoke them had been the snap of a whip on his bare back. He cast off his coma like a cloak, and thrust himself to his feet. Drawing his brows together and down, he answered her:

"Aye," he said, while she stood puzzled, her hands fumbling at her waistband, "get it—yon staff!"

Mother McKinnon went into the bedroom. From a corner remote and musty, she plucked a great, knotty stick.

This article had been an heirloom and a presage in the House of McKinnon. Some plaided ancestor, watching his sheep in the Gaelic hills, had cut and shaped it for a shepherd's crook; but now for generations it had had an office more solemn and paramount; it had been the rod and the staff upon which each hale old McKinnon, in his ultimate beaten hour, had leaned and limped into the Valley of the Shadow.

Mother McKinnon came slowly to the table, holding up the crook in her two hands. As she proffered it desolately, she looked aside, missing the glitter in the eyes of the Old Man as he reached for the staff. It was therefore with a start that she felt him seize rather than grasp it; and it was with amazement and perturbation that she saw him shake it like an antagonist, bend it across his knee, break it, and throw the old ash fragments to the floor!

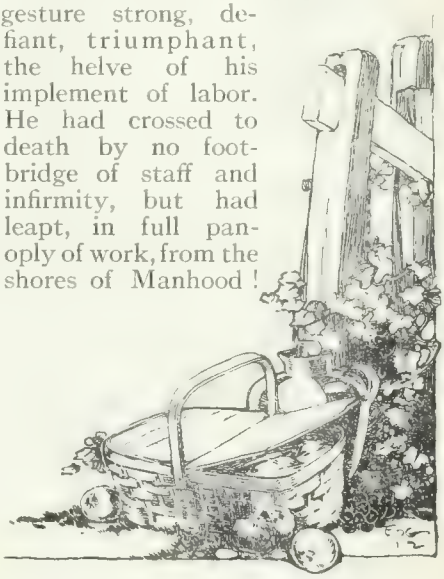
In the tawny harvest morning, the sons, already in the field, saw the Old Man coming, pitchfork over shoulder. He made toward Hector's rack, now partly loaded.

"I'll pitch to ye, boy," he said, in his voice the huskiness and the stress of a great excitement.

Seven times that morning, Hector McKinnon's rack returned to the field, to be loaded afresh; and it was just before the dinner-call that there came, in the middle of a load, a pause between sheaf and sheaf, a sharp crackle of crushed stubble.

Hector, sliding swiftly from the load, found the Old Man fallen by a stook. His elbow was across the butt of a sheaf, and his eyes, under the thick gray eyebrows, were flashing like those of a wounded hawk.

"Eighty years of age!" he said, in the hoarse and vigorous ejaculation spending the lees of his strength, "an' never—a day—sick. . ." His head fell back, his elbow slipped from the sheaf. The fire died out of his eyes as the lids flickered into place; but the sinewy old hand yet gripped, with a gesture strong, defiant, triumphant, the helve of his implement of labor. He had crossed to death by no footbridge of staff and infirmity, but had leapt, in full panoply of work, from the shores of Manhood!



# THE MYSTERY

BY KATHERINE HALE

Here in the clang of traffic and the surge
Of grey-faced crowds, how strange it is to think
That yonder lie unbroken fields of snow,
And God's still peace above the hemlock broods.

# The Rule of Three In the Bush

A VARSITY NAVVY-INSTRUCTOR TEACHING ITALIAN "WOPS" TO CIPHER

HOW THE NAVVIES, LUMBERJACKS AND WOPS IN THE BUSH AND ON THE RIGHT-OF-WAY ARE BEING TAUGHT THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF READING THE KING'S ENGLISH AND THE INTRICACIES OF MATHEMATICS BY UNIVERSITY MEN WHO HANDLE THE PICK AND PEN WITH EQUAL FACILLITY

By Alfred Fitzpatrick
Superintendent of Reading Camps

Illustrated from Photographs

THAT Canada may have lumber, railway ties, coal, fish, may get her railways built and her grain marketed, a quarter of a million sturdy Canadians and foreigners must live from six to eight months in camp, miles from civilization, miles from a book or magazine, a picture, a church, a phonograph, a bath, a theatre or a good woman.

These men are the men who are making Canada—doing the hard and dirty work of half a continent—"God's frontiersmen," as somebody recently called them. And until eleven years ago, nobody thought it worth while to give them a chance to do anything but eat when they could, sleep when they must, and work as long as they could stand up. Since that time, the Reading Camp Association, through its corps of navvy-lumberman-cook-miner-instructors, has given to fifty thousand men a chance to live like decent

Christians by reason of school, reading-room, library, club and church; and has given two hours' instruction a night, ten months in the year, to fifteen thousand men. During 1911 forty University men were out working in camps in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia; and the cost for men and outfits in 1912 totalled $25,000. To this work the provincial governments made small grants. Lumber, railway, mining and fish companies, beginning to recognize Many of them knew nothing of frontier life or work when they went from McGill or Varsity—but they learned. Run through the photographs in any of the Reading Camp Association reports, and you will see them at it. V. L. Clark, graduate Nebraska Wesleyan University, instructor and *skinner* at Summit Camp, Vancouver Island; H. S. Haskins, (Bristol College) instructor and *lumberjack*, Robinson's Camp, Pinage Lake, Ontario; J. P. Wearing, instructor and *cookee* at

ON THE RIGHT-OF-WAY, THE READING ROOM IS GENERALLY AN OLD BOX-CAR, WHICH TRAVELS WITH THE GROWTH OF THE LINE

a good thing, have also made grants to help along the men in their employ, because they found it made them less unruly, more contented, and less likely to "jump their job". The rest has been contributed by wideawake and sensible Christian Canadians.

But the biggest contribution has been that of the instructors, who are in the main University men who have left college to carry the three R's and the Gospel to the men of the frontier. Camp Two on the Kapuskasing River; W. O. Henry (Varsity), instructor and *teamster in the mud cut* on the railway, Mileage 72, west of Cochrane, are typical captions under these photographs of the sturdy young Canadians who represent the Reading Camps. Freighting, track-laying, swamping, acting as shore hand or slusher, are the employments that take up their days, and at night they return to reading car or tent, or perhaps to some log shack that the company has turned over, to

teach whatever they know and their pupils can absorb, from writing to higher mathematics.

And their pupils are as varied as their jobs. Russian, Finn, Slovak, English, Chinese, French, and a host of other nationalities are found in these camps. Often the principal task of the instructor is to teach seven different kinds of foreign wop to speak the King's English. Again, an ambitious navvy may want to learn estimating and accounting. Sir Donald Mann worked with the boys on the grade, but taught them all I knew, and harnessed the best talent available in their interest, in the way of entertainers."

The story of T. S. Scott, of the T. N. & O. and Instructor Brandon is a typical one of the way the men handle their work.

A firm, to whom had been granted the contract of the construction of the last forty miles of the T. & N. O. Railway from McDougall Chutes to Cochrane failed to gauge the amount of

INSTRUCTOR H. K. LEAVENS AND HIS CLASS IN THE READING ROOM OF EDMOND HALL'S CAMP, EIGHTEEN MILES FROM NAIRN CENTRE, ALGOMA

himself in his contracting days, once got a fellow workman to teach him how to figure up the cubic contents of embankments and excavations. Whatever the navvy-instructor knows, that shall he teach, is the rule; and he will find use for every crumb of his knowledge before he is done. Thomas A. Croft, of McGill, working in a Vancouver Island Camp, wrote, "The man needed for this work should be a Jim Jeffries, Prof. Hetherington and walking encyclopaedia in one. I not only

supplies necessary, were unable to complete their contract in the specified time and assigned. In the spring of '08 the T. & N. O. Railway Commission took over the contract and appointed T. S. Scott, B. A., B. Sc., as manager of construction, with orders to push the work. This Scott did with characteristic vigor and indomitable pluck. Things were soon re-organized and the work begun with grim determination to corral, saddle and cinch the accomplishment of his object.

Scott declared he would have the steel laid to Driftwood Creek before June, 1908. The resident engineers who had become accustomed to the late firm's easy gait and who were inclined to blame for the failure the unforeseen difficulties in construction and adverse circumstances over which the contractors had no control, laughed up their sleeves at the pretentious boast of this newly arrived Hannibal, and offered heavy odds on what they considered a sure thing. But Scott had already inspired confidence in his immediate followers, and the bettors did not have to go far to look for takers. What Scott's staff could not handle, the new foreman took, and any that was still left was divided amongst those of lower rank. Inspired by Scott's fascinating personality, his dashing pluck and initiative, one bull cook staked a month's salary on Scott's winning.

Anxious as he was to back up his statement and relieve his betting supporters from loss, Scott had other and more important reasons for pushing the steel to Driftwood.

Specifications called for a steel bridge at Driftwood River. It would take some weeks to erect the structure which would have to be completed before track could be laid on the opposite side. The grade north of Driftwood was almost ready for the steel. The material for such a bridge could only be brought by rail, and each day saved in laying the steel to Driftwood, meant a day's earlier completion of the bridge, and resumption of work on the other side.

THE READING-ROOM AT ONE OF THE PARRY SOUND LUMBER COMPANY'S CAMPS. INSIDE THESE FOUR LOG WALLS IS ALL THE CHURCH, SCHOOL, LIBRARY, THEATRE OR RECREATION-ROOM THE LUMBERJACKS KNOW

Moreover supplies were even lower in the camps north of Driftwood than at headquarters, and new equipment was needed all along the line. The expense of toting was ruinous and could be saved only by the laying of the steel.

But by all the signs the fates seemed to be dead set against Scott. The rain poured in torrents with short intervals for a week. Dumps slid out and cuts

caved in, and the mud and mire on the right-of-way grew deeper and deeper. The dreaded first of June crept nearer and nearer. Scott lengthened the day's labor from ten to thirteen hours, and the outlook grew so dark that there became a gradual levelling of odds between the bettors and later a rapid rise in the takers against Scott's success.

It was now past the middle of May with no apparent return of Scott's luck. The weather was still treacherous. The unballasted track kept sinking and the cuts, grades and dumps got so sticky it was next to impossible to work. Still the relentless superintendent kept spiking away. On the morning of May 31st the thin black lines, like two eels in a muddy stream, were seen to worm their way out on to the final grade, a three-quarter mile stretch to Driftwood, when, as bad luck would have it, the track-laying machine broke. This meant the handling of the 33-foot (90-lb. to the yard) rails by hand. This would require much more time. Besides the dagos were not used to this method, and did not adapt themselves readily to the new conditions. That morning it did seem as though the fates were still against Scott and that his supporters would lose.

It was on this memorable Saturday morning that the Reading Camp Association's Camp School Inspector, E. W. Brandon, took six other college men up the T. & N. O. Railway as far as the end of the steel, then a mud cut twelve miles north of McDougall Chutes. The weather was still bad, and the mud cut was in a frightful condition. The banks kept slipping down on the grade, and the men, mostly Italians, were up to the ankles, often up to the knees, in water, mud and gumbo. All were grumbling, some had "jumped" and others had threatened to do so.

The tote road from McDougall Chutes to Driftwood, so soon after the break-up and the heavy rains, was practically impassable, and Driftwood Camp, having pinned its faith to the intrepid superintendent, had not attempted to tote more supplies than were absolutely necessary to tide it over the 31st of May, and awaited the arrival of the Black Horse with feverish interest.

In ordinary weather the bet would easily have been won several days before the allotted time, but as it was, the steel was being laid at little more than a snail's pace.

The usually good-natured superintendent was sorely tried, but possessed his soul in the best patience he could command. Do his best, he could not hold the Italians. To encourage them he even loaned them long rubber boots. Should they carry out their threats to "jump" he would lose his bet, the camps would be on half rations, and the Commission's management little, if any, better than that of the former contractors. Naturally he was not in the best frame of mind when Camp School Inspector Brandon and the other navvy-instructors arrived, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Fitzpatrick told me you promised to give half a dozen students work at as many camps up the line, Mr. Scott," said Brandon.

"Oh, by Jupiter! College men! How do I know they can work? The weather's so bad the old stand-bys are quitting. We don't need men up the line. We need men here. They can go to work here if they like, and if they won't work here they can't work up the line," said he, thinking he would test their metal and if it did not ring true he would have struck a knock-out blow and got rid of the book-lovers.

He was surprised to see Brandon, followed by Gray and the other students, slip down the bank and take their places beside the dagos. But he was man enough to appreciate grit and was glad of an opportunity to be independent of those of his disgruntled gang whom he was afraid would "jump" on the least pretext. He therefore shouted, "Put the dagos out of the way and make room for the college men. Soon as you get to Driftwood the day's work is done."

Inspector Brandon had been connected with the work for five years. He had worked with and taught the lumberjack in the Conger Lumber Co.'s Camp in the Parry Sound District.

He had been with the prospectors and miners in Camp Cobalt, and he had navvied at Grant's Camp on the T. & N. O. Railway. Gray, too, knew rough manual labor from a red herring scent.

There was not an Italian on the job who was the equal in stature of either Gray or Brandon, the former six foot and the latter six foot two, and proportionately well built. To see Brandon jump down into the gumbo and handle the ties with the agility of a young giant, followed by Gray, another young Hercules, and the other students, all good, fresh and willing young men, should have been a tonic to the lagging and disheartened navvies, weary of the bad weather and bad footing. But the students set a pace that even the professional navvy found hard to follow.

The conditions were as hard and revolting for one class as for the other, but the students were no quitters, nor were they afraid of mud, despite the facts that it took them half way to the knees, and that they were not offered the loan of rubber boots, a courtesy extended to every dago on the job.

There were in all in the gang about eighty men. Besides the spikers, eight loaded the ties at the back of the track-laying machine, and from twenty to thirty worked in the mud at the front. The ties were thrown in front of the machine and laid in position. Then the heavy steel rail was rolled out and dropped on to the "buggy," a sort of roller made to receive it, and thence caught by the gang and heaved into position on the ties.

Brandon and Gray pushed the dagos from the joint end of the lowering rails and the other students stood next. The ties were scarcely dumped before the tongs were hung and swung for entry, and but a few seconds passed before the joint ends were placed. The rails slipped into place smoothly and almost automatically. The bridle rods were immediately buckled, the engine moved forward shoving out new rails and ties. The foreman ceased to bawl at the joint makers and spent his whole energy attempting to arouse the dagos, those who handled the ties ahead and the spikers in the rear, none of whom was scarcely able to stand the new pace.

Rails that at the old gait of the dagos would have lasted all day ran out at eleven a.m. It was one-thirty before the new supply arrived. A nasty drizzling rain set in, but work was immediately resumed. The students, now thoroughly familiar with the work, and refreshed with the two hours' rest and a hearty camp dinner, set a still harder pace. The dagos at length caught the contagion, and began to respond. The finish was in sight. The steel was laid to Driftwood bridge. The great Black Horse had arrived and Scott's bettors were saved.

After supper Brandon dropped into Superintendent Scott's office and asked, "What's the programme to-morrow?"

"Oh, you fellows made good. You can place the students at the camps up the line. That man Gray, place him at this camp. I want to keep my eye on him."

All the students were duly located in the camps, and as better jobs opened were given every reasonable chance. When a month later their cheques came for the work on the grade, they were allowed $2.60 for the first day in the mud cut, a full day's pay of thirteen hours, although they worked but eight.

At Driftwood, Waiteybeag, Camps Three, Four and Five, at Meadow Creek and Broken Home, reading and recreation tents and night schools were established for the navvies, while the students toiled, rejoiced and sorrowed with and taught and entertained their fellow toilers. At the close of six months Mr. Scott wrote me: "As long as you send out men who can act as leaders in actual work, if only for a short time, you will get the confidence of a large portion of the men, whether foreign or native. You sent five or six good men, whom no employers of labor would let go till the last wind up."

# Neighbor Jenkins' Christmas


## By Eldred G. Walker

("North Somerset")

*Author of "Canadian Trails," etc.*

With Decorations by Donald MacGregor

EVERYBODY down our way knows old Neighbor Jenkins. He is one of the few remaining old-timers. Some say he is eighty-eight, others say ninety years; but he is still upright, though a bit shrivelled, and far more keen than many of forty-five. One would never believe him to be the age he is, were it not for reminiscences. Once he starts a tale, no pulling out of matches, obvious coughs, or pleas of an engagement elsewhere can prevent him from reeling it off to the bitter end.

I met him early in December at the side of Bristol Bridge, and the instant he set eyes on me out rang his hearty halloa:

"Zay, Narth Zummerzett, bissn't thee a-gwaine to hae summut wi' I? Let's go to the Angel and hae a cup o' zider."

"Jenkins, don't you know the Angel has been shut this long, long while?" said I. For a minute he looked crest-fallen.

"Lawks, noa," he answered, "and I were vorgettin' that. Everything be changed. Times baint like they wur. But I wur just a-thinkin' as I should like to hae one more Krizmuz afore I go to that little plot o' mine up in Stoke Churchyard. Old Bill Stokes, the sexton, knows just where 'tiz. But, as I wur a-zayin', wad ye come an' spend a few days wi' I an' Lizer? I want one more Krizmuz, I do."

Heartily I agreed, and with his parting admonition, "Mind ye, come yarly and help us a bit, now," in my ears, we went our separate ways.

Neighbor Jenkins' residence is one of those fine old farmhouses in the Vale of the Chew in Somersetshire. Ancient history was made in the village, and its placidity is not disturbed by modern railway whistles, although the motor cars kick up a smother in summertime. The only way to get there is to drive. As I got to the top of Dundry, the Vale of Chew lay spread out before me. Even though it was Christmas, the fields were a rich green. Down the hill near the bottom was still to be seen the old "lepping stock", reminiscent of the days when the Yeomen of the Valley could and did ride.

The old farmhouse with its gables loomed up majestically in the winter twilight. A couple of sheep dogs

bounded out of the broken gate, barking a hoarse welcome, and a curly-headed farm-boy came to open the gate, giving word to old Nick and Snarler to get to kennel. Then the lad took charge of the horse, and pointed the way through the garden gate up to the front door over which an old horse-shoe was nailed. On that heavy, iron-studded oaken door the knocker fell with a clang, and in a moment it was opened by a big, red-cheeked girl whose bare arms were big as legs of mutton and whose woollen apron looked very business-like.

From behind her, came Jenkins' big voice, "Come in, me hearty, come in. Baint I mighty glad to zee ye!" and as I moved towards that jolly hail, my feet ground the sand on the stone floor of the old farmhouse kitchen. On the hearth a wood fire blazed and crackled, the gleams being caught up and reflected from the brasses on an old bureau, from the fine old brass candlesticks on the mantel, and from other points of scoured metal. I sank into an armchair before the generous blaze, while Neighbor Jenkins apologized for the dimness.

"We hain't a lighted up yet. Zeemmin' to I, 'tiz a bit of a bad sign, but o' late I like to look in the vire an' see things just as I did when I was a boy. But there, I ought to be thankful as I can look at the vire. Many that's younger than I can't—they'm clean spiled their eyes with that newspaper readin'. Why, them wenches of our'n be a novel-readin' directly the lamp be lighted, 'stead o' doin' a bit of scourin' or knittin' the same as they used to. . . . . Sall! Sall! Light the candle. There, zee how lazy that wench be a-got. Her grandmother wur the one when she was young."

Only a farm-house kitchen, with big oak beams across the moulded ceiling, and the carved oaken mantelshelf topping the merry blaze. The mysterious points of light flashed from a long, rapier-like bar of gleaming steel that was the spit; and glowed from big brass candlesticks set up against stirrup irons on which not a speck of rust had been visible for a century. These had been Jenkins' father's. Behind his chair was an old oaken coffer, and behind that a week's firewood stowed away in the sloven's hole. A big settle kept from one's back the wind as it rushed up the big wide chimney in which two or three flitches of bacon were hung, undergoing the farmhouse cure. Those that had been dried and were on cut were on the bacon-rack, close under the ceiling. On the walls were two sets of backbands, brass bedecked, a leader's halter and a team whip—trophies of victories at the local ploughing matches. The woodwork of the furniture shone, too—nothing Frenchy about its polish, which had been brought about by countless hard rubbings with elbow-grease. The old long case clock ticked off the minutes soberly, and when it struck eight, Neighbor Jenkins turned to the lass.

"Sall, a bit o' supper!" and the half of a Cheddar cheese was set forth, flanked by a huge loaf of bread and a jar of pickled walnuts, with a jug of cider. Such cider! It was a beautiful clear amber, flavored to the exact degree of tartness and sweetness. At nine o'clock everyone went to bed, for Neighbor Jenkins keeps early hours, and he was "a-gwaine to pick the geese in the morning".

Had I been asleep? A faint gray light shadowed at my window, and a loud voice bellowed up the stair-way, "Jim! Haste thee! A-gwaine to be abed all day?" Five minutes later Jim clattered down the stairs. By eight o'clock everything and everybody had been fed, and the goose-picking was begun.

Young Jim had brought his pocket-knife to a razor-like edge, and Dick had put up some slings in the cowshed. Clamor in the goose-pen foretold the raid, and shortly the dead were brought into the boiler-house for the pickers. How the feathers flew and the down floated! Dry throats called for draughts of warm cider. The day waned, and sore fingers were the rule. Jenkins bravely held his own at the head of the tub, while Mrs. Jenkins dabbled in and out.

"Not over fat—not near so good as I have had them," she criticized. "Sall,

han't ee biled the wheat ?" and then suddenly, "Why, thik vool Jim bin an' killed the owld goose. I've had her for vorty year, and she never laid less than a dozen eggs or hatched less than ten goslings. Now thet lumber-headed hidiot bin and killed her; he might as well 'a' killed I, poor owld zoul !"

Neighbor Jenkins chimed in with his wife's lamentations. "What can a body do wi' her ? Can't raffle her; raffling baint allowed. Better make Jim eat her, wings and all."

But Jim protested loudly. "Here, Measter, gie I them few coppers, and I wool be out o' this. I would rather go to Canader, I would, than eat thet owld goose."

"Seemingly it bain't the owld goose arter all," suddenly decided Jenkins. "I zeed 'un turned out with the white spot under her eye and the gert wart on her beak."

Mrs. Jenkins was so overjoyed to find that her favorite was not killed that she immediately went to the cupboard, took out the gin bottle, drew a big jug of beer, another of cider, put this with some nutmeg and ginger into a big saucepan, and set it on the fire. Then she stirred in several spoonsful of brown sugar, and left young Jim at the ladle, threatening to shove his head into the "vire" if he let the sugar burn on the bottom or the beer to foam over the top. Then out came a dusty bottle of elderberry wine. A teacupful of this was mixed with a teacupful of gin, and just as the liquid in the pot became steaming hot, these new ingredients were added; more rapid stirring by young Jim. But it was not fast enough for Mrs. Jenkins. She took the spoon, and as young Jim stepped back, Sall caught him by one leg while old Jim gripped one shoulder, and he was in the tub of feathers before he knew it. How the feathers flew as he came spluttering out of the tub, vowing "as he would dowt Sall's biler vire the very first cold morning !"

But by this time the "jump-up-Betty" was ready, and there was a great puffing and blowing as it was handed out in stone-ware cups. How it warmed the tired fingers of the workers, and set them picking again with renewed energy until by midnight the task was done, and the day's work hung in rows in the dairy, ready to be sent to market on the morrow.

After the geese were well on their way next morning, Jim took ladder, axe and saw and went out into the orchard to "cut the gert kissing bush from the wilding tree". The ladder was not long enough to reach, and Jim was afraid to climb, so he proceeded to saw the branch off where he could reach it. Then a visit was made to the holly bush, only to find that some one had cut off all the berried branches the night before. Neighbor Jenkins shook his head.

"Times be changed," he lamented. "When I wur young, there was always plenty of holly about. There might be zum left in gert ground hedge. Now them young town chaps came out in the night and cut everything."

Next day was Gooding Day. The house was all astir with putting up the Christmas decorations. A couple of school-boys came, to wish us a merry Christmas and to be regaled with some fruits and a few coppers. Other lads came, too, and even the village ne'er-do-well found a big jug of cider on the seat in the porch and a crust of bread-and-cheese beside it.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE LOOMED UP MAJESTICALLY IN THE WINTER TWILIGHT

Inside the Hall there was a rare bustle, as Long Jim, Farmer Greene's young handy man who had come across to borrow a pair of ferrets for a day, had caught Sall under the

mistletoe and exacted the penalty accordingly. And Sall was properly wrathful, although it had been her own suggestion that the kissing bush should hang just inside the front door, instead of under the bacon rack; but it was noticeable after this how willing she was to answer any knock.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Jenkins was busy. First she chopped the suet from William Green's Devon steer, which took the first prize at a whole round of shows, and was bought by a wise man o' Bristol. Now chopping suet with a carving knife is a fine job when the suet gets sticky, and she resigned the chopping to us. Then we were nailed to stone the raisins, a most edifying job of sorting out seeds from a mass of gummy fruit sugar. The currants were to be washed, the bread to be grated, the lemon peel and citron to be shredded; then, with an admixture of flour, all the dry ingredients of the pudding were to be mixed together in one of the big earthenware cream pans with the long brass spoon that hung beside the mantel. Strong arms, this took; and Mrs. Jenkins watched us carefully as we stirred it round and round.

"TIMES BE CHANGED," HE LAMENTED. "WHEN I WUR YOUNG, THERE WUR ALWAYS PLENTY OF HOLLY ABOUT"

Then besides for the pudding, there was a wonderful mixture brewing in the big brown jug. Jim had been sent to the village pub for a quart of the best old beer and a quart of black porter. Also, he was to be sure to call at the village shop for a quarter of a pound of allspice—"an' be sure an' not ask var all the spice they got!" warned Mrs. Jenkins, who had repeated this formula for sixty years, and knew it well. First the beer and then the stout were mixed in the jug. Then some eggs were beaten in another cup with two wineglassfuls of portwine. To this were added two more glassfuls of brown brandy, and one of rum. The contents of this cup went into the brown jug. More stirring—vehement, this time. Gradually this concoction was added to the dry ingredients in the pan, with more stirring, to which everybody in the house lent a hand. Then the pudding basins were greased, filled, a nightcap of dry dough put on to keep the fat in, and they were tied down. Sall had the back kitchen copper boiling like mad, and in they went, Jim being installed as stoker in chief, with the admonition that if he once allowed the water to come off the boil, "nur a bit o' pudden zhould he have, not so much as a teaste o' th' oddzes in the cloth."

To bed we went, with the back of the house full of the steam of boiling puddings, and the smell of them all around us. Morning brought the ferrets, and a rabbit hunt, with luncheon in the open. The shadows of evening were falling when we returned to find the women folk busy with huge piles of toast before the fire, and a toasting fork ready for each of us.

"Jenkins, where be zider? Come, Jim, make a peg or two, and we'll go and try the cellar."

Down we went, with a big jug, a gimlet and a candle to the old cellar. Dark and gloomy it looked with the old wine-pipes, port-hogsheads, brandy-casks and rum-puncheons all set on end. Jenkins moved among them familiarly, recognizing each.

"Yes, we will try this one. . . Well good zider, but she bain't zettled.

This should be a good one. . . . Lor, now, she be gone oily; that's the worst o' them rum puncheons. . . . There's an eye-sparkler for next year, but she hain't done working yer. Well, we will try old Jacob. I hae villed he regular wi' Caurt-de-Wyck var nigh on sixty 'year, and kept un clean and zound all the time."

Jenkins up-ended the mug, and sighed.

"Lor, zee how it sparkles! Taste it, don't it meet yure lips, wi' that varget-me-not veeling at the end on it!" Tears almost trickled down Jenkins' ruddy cheeks, as he patted the side of the old barrel. "Ould Jacob! Will I ever live to vill 'ee again? Now, thee bist so good, we will hae Krizmuz. Jim, smack thy lips, and hae a second pull this Krizmuz. Bring down the gert jug.". It was pleasant to see the old man's joy as young Jim carried three or four jugfuls of cider upstairs before we followed.

No sooner had I reached the big kitchen than Mrs Jenkins gave me a grater and half a dozen nutmegs to grate on it, and then some ginger. In the meantime she put the toasted bread in layers in a big pan, spreading on each some brown sugar, and a pinch of nutmeg and ginger. When she had the pan half full she covered it to keep the bread warm, and set down before the fire a plate of crab-apples to bake and burst into "witches' cream". A big saucepan was filled with cider, brought to a good heat and poured over the toast; several more followed. A drop of gin, a little elderberry wine and some cardamom nutmegs and ginger were put in the last saucepan, filling the toast-pan to the brim. Then in went the crab-apples, and the concoction was complete. The company might come as soon as they liked.

Sall "hooked it" to reappear with her face shining like satin, her best dress and a new apron on. Jim was in his Sunday best. Neighbor sat in his "beehive" and called for his church-warden pipe and "baccy-jar", in which half a quartern of best birdseye had just been placed.

Voices and the stamping of feet were heard outside—there had just been a light snowfall to make the ground white. The shining knocker gave a rousing rattat, and Sall flew. Presently there was a sound of smothered scream and much laughter, as young George caught and "bearded" her beneath the kissing bush; and then in filed the ringers, each with his pair of bells in his left hand and his hat in his right.

"Evening, Mr. Jenkins."

But he gave them a sharp glance of his bright old eyes. "Mister Jenkins?" he demanded. "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I used to be Varmer Jenkins, when I kept Krizmuz. But zit ye down. Missus, try the toast and zider."

All the farm hands had now come in, and Mrs. Jenkins was busy ladling out the toast and cider, serving the master ringer first. Jim had two steaming plates of toasted cheese, which managed to burn his fingers through two dish-cloths and a towel, and of which he put a little on each plate. The ringers were all served; then the farm-hands, and the family last, according to old custom. The big log in the fire-place was given a turn, and we settled down to enjoy the evening.

"Well, lads," declared Neighbor Jenkins, "I be plazed to zee ye. Minds I o' ould times. Vancy the toast and zider bain't quite right?"

But the ringers disagreed vigorously. "What, zurr? No, 'tis the very best we ever had. Old Jacob must be in good health; why he hain't ben zo good since the Krizmuz afore Miss Jenny wur married. . . . Well, zurr, a-beggin' your pardon, we could do wi' a drop more prisently. Now, Jack King, what shall we ring? Just chip up a bit,— 'Bonnie Lad'?"

How those sweet handbells rang out in the old farmhouse kitchen. Rising and falling, the notes fell true and beautiful upon the air, and drew a faint whispered response from the sparkling brass about the chimney piece. Then came "Money Musk", and "The Nutting Girl".

"That's it," agreed Jenkins, nodding with delight. "A zong, a real ould zong. Bill Stokes, thee could use to zing "The Boy in the Kettlesmockan",

what were he old Benny Gover, the sexton at Chew Magna, used to zing? Poor old Benny won't zing un again, pore old chap, and he wur but eighty-nine."

The ringer coughed deprecatingly. "Well, zurr, there be the leddies."

But Jenkins would have none of such excuses. "Eh, Bill," he answered, "if they don't hear wuss than the zingin' 'twon't matter. Hae a drop o' zider wi'out the toast to clear the droat. I don't know what's up now-a-days. Used to that every body could zing a zong; now nobody can't. I don't believe the young uns have the same wind we used to have."

Bill cleared his throat obediently, and then began in a voice which might have been a lusty squall some eighty years gone, to give old Benny's song.

*The Hackney Coachman*

Benny was a hackney coachman rare,
*"Jarvey, jarvey!" "Here I am, yure honner!"*
Ricketts, how he used to swear.
*Tamberoo*

Benny would swear and he would drive;
His number was three hundred sixty-five
*With a ram tam holler I gee whoa,*
*"Jarvey, jarvey!" "Here I am, yure honner!"*

One day Benny stood on the Strand
*"Jarvey," etc.*
His coach and horses both looked grand.
*Tamberoo*

Although his horses looked so smart,
He never once thawt on Mr. Mart.
*With a ram tam taller holler I gee whoa*
This gentleman he did approach,
All dressed in b'ack, he called his coach.
*Tamberoo*

IN THE KITCHEN SAL AND MRS. JENKINS WERE BUSY

The song wandered on through an endless string of verses narrating how the gentleman in black turned out to be the devil himself, and how the rare hackney coachman bested him in the course of a lively drive. Everybody joined in the chorus, old Jack being especially great on the "Tamberoo". John then went through the steps of "The Dashing White Sergeant", in which there was a deal of clatter with his heel taps on the stone floor.

"Eh, what a Krizmuz Eve," said Jenkins, when he was done. "Lor' a mercy! Don't I wish old Jack Viddler were alive. Wouldn't he hae made you step it out? Nobody ever dances in the barn nowadays, else I would hae got zum on 'em together. But 'tis all new tunes, an' no ould zongs now-adays when Bill and I be gone."

But old Jack King laughed. "What's the use to die a-miserable? Let's be happy! A bit more toast and zider and missus wool cut the pudden, and then Jolly Ringers outside the door to finish!"

No sooner said than done. And how perfect a harmony was heard as those bells were shaken in the still frosty air by men who could not read a note of music, and who had gained their skill by ear alone!

Christmas morn! The thin mantle of snow held in the grip of the frost sparkled with a thousand jewels in the morning sunlight as the choir boys commenced their carols on the lawn. Mrs. Jenkins listened with bright eyes.

"Bless the boys," she declared. "Bring un in and gie un zum pudden. They won't be able to zing much arter that."

How busy Sall was, and how she and Jim quarrelled because he had allowed the paper to scorch on the breast of the goose while she was a-drippin' them ribs o' beef. Both would be ready by the time we came back from morning service at the church.

Once again the old oak table groaned with Christmas fare, and around it were gathered all of Neighbor Jenkins' relatives. A great grandchild sat on

his knee and clawed his last lock of hair.

"Dad, let me carve; you must be tired," offered one of the strapping sons, as the old man paused in his duties.

"Tired ? No, me boy, not I. But I was just a-thinkin' o' Joe and his childer as be in Canader." They were the only ones absent from the feast.

How the young folks enjoyed themselves over the wishbone of the goose. What excitement there was as to who should bring the ring or the new sixpence out of the pudding. And in the evening what rustling and laughing there was as the young lads of the neighborhood came to see their girls. That front door passage was most popular. Of course they couldn't go out by the back door, and somehow when they returned from the hall way one cheek was more tinged with crimson than the other, and bright eyes were brighter than ever. Jenkins nodded in his chair, evidently tired. Then he turned to me with a twinkle, and said bravely,

"I zay, we were like that once, and this be a bit zummut as how we used to keep Krizmuz."

# THE STORM—PEMAQUID POINT

BY W. P. H. GLIDDEN

THE scene is grand from this old rock-bound coast,
Where distance is lost as you gaze o'er the deep,
Where the sea-gull sports o'er its glittering breast,
Or floats on its bosom when taking its rest:
The waves roll in with a languid force,
Till they reach the rocks that bar their course.

It is awfully grand on this rough rocky main,
When the storm-king's abroad with his furious train;
Rousing old Ocean, in his boisterous glee,
From a slumbering motion into a fierce raging sea:
The storm-clouds darken the sea and sky,
The lightnings flash from the storm-king's eye;
His thundering voice as it now rolls afar,
Bids his forces cease this furious war:
The strife has ended—the storm-king has gone.

Now it is a glorious sight
When the storm subsides, and the wind is stilled,
As the sun breaks forth with its dazzling light
And brightens the waste that the storm has filled;
The seas rushing on to the rock-bound coast,
Raging and roaring like an angry host,
They rise in their might and dash on the rocks,
Throwing their spray with a mighty force,
High in the air—
The sun now, as with magic print,
Pictures the spray with a rainbow tint.

IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT THIS NARROW TRAIL HAD SUFFICED TO TRANSPORT AN ARMY

# In the Heart of Old Mexico


## By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

## Translated by Carlos A. Butlin

Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona


Illustrated from Photographs

SIXTH PAPER

*From San Luis to Tecpan*

WE arrived at San Luis in a most dejected state of mind as the want of news about our companions was causing us the greatest anxiety. Things were the more aggravated because it was Sunday and the telegraph office was closed. My search for the telegraphist was fruitless as I was soon informed that he had gone out shooting for the day. San Luis is a small town on the border of a river of the same name and has a population of about 1,000. The only inn of the place where we has dismounted was quite out of the question and the prospect of the bad night we would have to pass made our situation all the more trying. But, during my search for the telegraphist, my atten-

tion was attracted to a house of agreeable aspect at the door of which a *woquecito*, (a light carriage on two wheels) set me thinking. I then remembered that Messrs. Fernandez, well known Spanish merchants of long standing, possessed a hacienda at San Luis, and Ibarra had told me that they would probably place a carriage at the disposal of the Colonel. Seeing a stout and kindly looking gentleman at the door I approached him:

"Is this the Hacienda of Messrs. Fernandez?" I ventured to ask.

"It is, sir," replied he, who proved to be Don Manuel Ruiz, the administrator of these gentleman, "And you and friends are probably those who are coming with Senor Ibarra."

"Just so," I replied, with alacrity, "Senor Ibarra and Colonel Davidson are coming along behind and delayed and we have to wait for them here."

"Then here you will find everything prepared for your stay and there is the carriage which Don Baltasar sent for your use."

We certainly did not hesitate to take advantage of this kind reception and within a few minutes were all comfortably installed.

Don Manuel Ruiz is a man from Bilbas, almost Mexicanized after twenty years residence in the country, but his vizcoyan accent and the free and easy manner natural to those of his province will never abandon him. On hearing his first words I guessed we were both from the same country.

The amiable wife of Don Manuel, a true Mexican lady, vied with her husband in showing us the most exquisite kindness. Their children also, among whom I remember a lovely fair-haired girl, as ideal as one of Murillo's virgins, were most pleasing and the memory of those hours spent in their company will never leave me as long as I live. They offered me nothing less than the drawing room of the house, where they prepared a soft white bed, but my companions preferred to defy the heat and sleep on their habitual camp-beds, in the shed.

At nightfall I again went to the telegraph office and had the good ortune to find that the operator had returned. In a very short space of time we were in communication with Sihuatanejo and the telegraphist there, our good friend the senorita Rodriguez, informed us that her father had returned with the boats after having landed the Colonel and the rest of the party safely at Potosi, where they were obliged to put in on account of the storm which showed no signs of abating.

As may be imagined, I flew with the news to Field, the good friend of Davidson, who was really beginning to despair. Our tranquillity, nevertheless, was not completely restored as we got no news from Petatlan and were consequently ignorant of the exact situation of our friends. If the muleteer sent from Salinas del Cuajo to Potosi had not obeyed our instructions, our friends might still be stopped there for want of the necessary elements wherewith to catch up to us.

The night passed without any further news, but at daybreak a message was received from Petatlan saying that the party had arrived there, as had been presumed by our good friend, Don Amado Soberania, who was still accompanying us. They requested us to send them the pack-mules as they had procured the necessary horses. We immediately sent a messenger to Tamarindo where the mule column had passed the night, and gave orders for same to leave at once for Petatlan. The Colonel and Ibarra were duly advised of this and that we would wait for them at San Luis.

Our equilibrium being now restored, and with the prospect of a day's rest before us, our spirits rose and as for myself, I took the opportunity of getting as many hours of sleep as possible. I did not waste all the time however, in this manner, but held long conversations with Senor Soberania Don Manuel Ruiz, and acquired interesting information about cultivation, labor, the customs of the district and many other details which at some future date may be of the greatest utility to me.

On the following day, at about noon, the advanced members of the Colonel's party burst into the square, making a

tremendous noise in demonstration of their glee at joining us again and soon after came Mr. Davidson, comfortably seated in the *woquecito* we had sent to Tamarindo for his use.

The moment had arrived for the curtain, which shrouded the mysteries of our friends' experiences, to be drawn apart and Ibarra recounted to us how after twelve hours' navigation along the desert coast of Potosi, they had to land and found themselves alone and without the elements which through the treason of the muleteer, could not reach them. They pitched their tent and under it passed the night as uncomfortably as can be imagined. The insects gave them not one moment's rest, the lagoons near by were full of of caimans (alligators) and the sound of these animals opening and shutting their jaws as if preparing for the feast in prospect even reached the camp and naturally kept the people alert.

Ibarra, always so animated, resolved to go on foot as far as San Geronimito, the nearest village to the coast, and only accompanied by an Indian who knew the district, he, after wading several lagoons up to his waist, at last arrived there and had the fortune to find the necessary animals for bringing his friends along. Accompanied by the son of Don Amado Soberania, Ibarra returned to the beach with horses and provisions and very soon the party were on their way to Petatlan, where they arrived at night.

The following day the column marched in this order: First the guides, then the Colonel in the carriage which he drove himself, and behind, the rest of the party forming as it were an escort to our Chief, the mules with baggage forming the rearguard.

We bade farewell to Don Amado Soberania at San Luis but some hours after we were fortunate again in receiving the attentions and hospitality (including a nice lunch) of his brother Don Jose Maria.

At noon we entered Tecpan after half a day's rough and tiring march on account of the great heat and the fatigue of our animals. If our marches had continued to be undertaken without the necessary halts and without the probability of relief horses I feared more than once that we should have had to make our entry in Acapulco *pedibus andantibus*.

Tecpan is a pretty town with a population of about 1,000, clean like all the coastal towns and villages and situated on the banks of a full river which only the boldest of the expedition attempted to cross on horseback, the rest crossing on ferryboats.

After a brief stay at the house of Senora Galeana, whose family, as the reader will have observed, is to be found along the whole Costa Grande, some of the party passed over to the residence of Don Jose Maria Soberania, who would not renounce the privilege, according to him, of lodging us. I had the good fortune to be one of his guests and can bear faith to his excessive kindness.

The afternoon being given up for rest, the Colonel amused himself in playing with the school-children, who hastened to surround him. I, for my part, spent the time in acquiring information about the inhabitants and would beg to submit my conclusions to the patient reader.

The coast inhabitant does not like being called an Indian and in reality he is not, as Spanish blood runs through his veins. The primitive native race has almost disappeared entirely and along the coast the majority of the people are *mestizos*, (descendants of mixed parentage) when not creoles. The latter denomination is applied to descendants of Europeans born in America.

It is to be surmised that at the time of the Spanish occupation and above all when through the Mexican Pacific coast communication between the metropolis and her new Oceanic possessions was established, the Costa Grande, and particularly the neighborhood of Acapulco, must have been preferentially inhabited by the Europeans who maintained commercial relations with the west of New Spain, and with those farther off territories of the Philippine Archipelago and their

blood must have been perpetuated in the region either pure or crossed with that of the native.

The coast inhabitant is remarkable for his fine stature, for the correct lines of his form and for a more agreeable facial expression than is usual among Mexican natives; there is an abundance also of even arrogant types and the woman is really handsome. Their color is undoubtedly more or less dense bronze but when the lines are correct this circumstance rather tends to increase their agreeable aspect.

The elevated temperatures of this region obliges the wearing of the scantiest apparel, to such an extent that boys and girls up to seven years never wear anything at all with the exception of a light piece of linen which the girls put on as a kind of frock, and the adornment of their bust with metal or coral collarettes. On arriving at their youth the masculine members of the community wear the classical shirt and breeches common to all the Mexican country people and the females on passing the same age use a fine linen chemise with short sleeves and open at the bust; they also wear a short skirt or wind a colored plaid round their thighs and so substitute the skirt. The colors of the women's dress are most vivid, yellow, blue and red predominating. The men cover their heads with the wide straw or felt sombrero typical to the Mexicans and the women wear the *tapalo* or *rebozo*, to which they give numerous applications, sometimes hanging it as it were down from their head, at others wearing it like a turban, and inside the house they wear it as a shawl in a most graceful fashion. The Mexican woman would never think of leaving her house without the *tapalo*, thus imitating the man who no matter how hot it might be will never abandon his *poncho* or *zarape*.

VILLAGE WOMAN WADING IN THE TECPAN RIVER

Both articles are as a rule of Mexican make, woven by hand, or on primitive looms, but modern industry has introduced machine made cloths to compete with the former although the quality of the latter is manifestly inferior.

A wide difference is also to be observed between the hammocks woven by hand by the Indian and those turned out by machinery. The latter will never be able to produce the beautiful *henequen* hammocks which the clever Indians of Yucatan, Oaxaca and Guerrero weave from the delicate fibre of the said and other tropical plants.

Only in price does the manufactured article compete.

The people in question are very pious, fervent Catholics and like the majority of Mexican natives even fanatical in their beliefs. In spite of this characteristic their customs are pretty free and easy and above all, in the regions where, as along the coast, there exist few parishes and priests are scarce, and moralizing influences are consequently few, the families are created without any bond whatever until when, from time to time some zealous priest pays them a visit or the bishop of the diocese makes his

THE COMMON METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE COAST VILLAGES

periodical round, marriages are solemnized in a wholesale fashion. For this reason we must not blame these people for bad will or resistance to moral principles but rather should attribute their backward customs to the want of interest shown by those appointed to look after their welfare. Notwithstanding all this, I found the coast people quite modest in their ways and both males and females, when bathing in the river as they do every day, have the greatest respect for one another. I have seen nothing more picturesque or original than the sight of numerous groups of men and women in the water at eventide. The women, like the men, are excellent swimmers and are very clean in their habits, not only in regard to their clothing but also with their bodies which they soap over every day, it being strange to see the contrast of their dark color with the white froth of the soap as they dive time after time until the natural color is restored. The bathing hour constitutes one of the principal enjoyments of these people.

At sunset we lingered for some time on the river-bank contemplating the animated spectacle of numerous flights of blue-birds which after flying about our heads for some time, sought rest among the branches of the trees, filling the air with their characteristic chit-chat.

As the women return to their homes after their bath they all carry with them their *bules* (kind of pumpkin) filled with fresh water. Their deportment is graceful, their facial expression is bright with very lively eyes, and they are fond of being addressed as they pass; their conversation is also very interesting and agreeable. The men also have a kind and respectful nature. They will never address a superior without taking their hat off

and they salute one another military fashion. Although the schools are quite elemental, a careful education is given because the teachers are as a rule well educated, and hence the people's culture is increasing every day and illiterates are perhaps fewer in proportion than in many countries which profess to be more advanced.

The climatical conditions exercise such an influence, and nature is advanced to such an extent that rarely a girl reaches twenty years without becoming a mother. On the other hand, it is notorious that along the Pacific Coast the people live to a good old age so that if the climate produces an advance in one sense it does not precipitate wasting away in the other.

The use of tobacco is so general about here that even some women and children smoke. Cigars are preferred, which they roll up from a leaf they cultivate and dry themselves. Cigarettes are not so much favored but these are also elaborated by them and instead of paper they employ a very fine maize leaf (*elote*) to cover the cut tobacco. I have tried these products and found them highly satisfactory.

The coast people are not so addicted to drink alcoholic beverages as are the natives of other regions or states of the Mexican Republic. Not once during our sojourn in these parts did we see a single drunken man and it must be remembered that we had with us over thirty Indians. We had not the slightest trouble in this respect.

Home life is also quite interesting and simple. While the children play at the door the mother is engaged in her household duties, the principal of which it may be mentioned is the confectionery of the classical *tortillas* (a kind of cake) which are the delight of both old and young. The Indian woman insists upon the primitive mode of making these. Every attempt to introduce special machines for the purpose has failed and hand-making continues to be general. It consists of keeping the maize in salt water for several hours until it becomes soft, then after washing the grain it is crushed upon a stone called the *metate*, with the aid of a stone or wooden roller. After kneading they make balls of the paste and then with singular dexterity they convert these with their hands into fine discs or pats, which are cooked upon a special oven constructed by the Indians with refractory earth named by them *comale*. This cooking is almost instantaneously effected. These cakes are served up warm in a plate and to preserve the heat they are kept covered by a serviette or woollen cloth. With these cakes it is customary to eat the *frijoles* which are also baked after kneading, and other articles of food usual in these parts are eggs, *elotes*, *tomales*, cheese, the *jocoque*, a milky preparation given principally to children, and on high days fowl, pullet and pork enter into the menu, these latter being the sole meat foods consumed by these people.

When the heat is excessive the Indian becomes indolent, and passes the day rocking in a hammock. They are very fond of dancing, singing and of music in general, the principal instrument played being the guitar. They are also fond of shooting, but on the other hand, fishing does not enter much into their pleasures and what is done in this respect is limited to the rivers and lagoons.

Phonographs and sewing machines are abundant because, notwithstanding the miserable surroundings of these people, North-American travellers have have no compunction in leaving these articles on the instalment system for very long terms.

Spanish and other foreign tradesmen visit the neighborhood from time to time and sell linen or cotton goods, ready-made clothes, jewelry, domestic utensils and trifling articles. From these and from the establishments called *abarrotes* or *cajones de sastre* which, although very poorly stocked, exist only in the villages of relative importance, these poor people acquire all the necessities inherent to their mode of living which is sustained by work in the fields or the profit from cattle breeding.

When the coast inhabitant decides to work for his living, he fixes upon or chooses a part of the forest and asks permission of the owner to exploit it

according to an agreement whereby he stipulates to hand over to the proprietor a part of the crops. In the work of tree felling he does not spend much time. He employs the wood for constructing his hut and the palisade for protecting certain parts of the plantation; the rest he uses as fuel as, although the greater part is fine wood, it has no value for him because of the scarcity of transport means or roads. After clearing the soil the Indian does not take the trouble to prepare it in any way for the sowing. With the point of his machete he digs holes at distances which he knows by routine to be proper and in each one buries his seed. He then has nothing more to do than await the harvest season. In this fashion does he sow maize, sesame and cotton, usually collecting three crops; he pays the owner the stipulated part and does no more work for the rest of the year. Next yéar he does not trouble to work the same field which he would necessarily have to turn over, but goes farther along, clears another part of the forest and repeats the operation as before. Cultivation then is generally carried out on virgin soils and thus it may be explained how the Indian obtains a profit of 200 to 300 pesos per hectare per annum as a minimum.

If he goes in for cattle breeding he makes use of appropriate land which he sows with Para grass or Facaton fodder, the best known pastures in the State of Guerrero, and enclosing these he lets the cattle loose on them. He sells the best animals to dealers who periodically pass this way and replenishes the enclosure with new animals.

When the temperature permits, they make cheese from cow's milk and sell this article well at neighboring markets and even send it to other States which produce less quantities.

In a general sense it may be said that these coast people have no other aspiration than to cover their bare necessities and only desire the tranquillity and comfort of their homes.

Along the Guerrero coast we noticed no luxurious tastes of any kind. The Indian laborer lives just in the same manner as the artisan. Even the proprietors have become accustomed in such a way to the mode of living habitual to the district that there is very little outward difference between them and the very poor. Their food is the same, they sleep on petate beds or hammocks and inside their residences one would never think to be in the home of a well-to-do person.

The foregoing are the chief characteristics of the inhabitants of these parts.

In Tecpan the Colonel and party were treated splendidly The political chief or prefect, Don Julian Otero, gave us a banquet to which he invited the other authorities and principal people of the town. On uncorking the champagne, the young and clever schoolmaster Don Oscar Gomez Monroy eloquently toasted the health of the future Hero of Guerrero, Colonel Davidson, whose merits he exalted and on behalf of all promised enthusiastic support for the great scheme in view. The Colonel replied, showing himself to be ever the altruist. The speech of Colonel Davidson, like that of Mr. Lukes, perfectly translated into Castilian by the Licenciado Ibarra, was received with hearty applause not only by the diners but also by the people who outside could hear all that was going on in the interior.

Ibarra then spoke with all the eloquence and sincerity he is distinguished for. I, in turn, was urged to say a few words and after my short speech had been interpreted by Ibarra, I was made the object of such a demonstration of good-will from my friends that I was tempted to note it down. At first I suspected that they were making me the object of a joke but I soon understood that it was all thoroughly sincere. When Ibarra had finished the last phrase, the Colonel rose and in an interrogative and enthusiastic tone cried to his companions "What is the matter with the general?" The Canadians replied with one voice "He's all right," and then immediately broke out into the strain of "For he's a jolly good fellow, etc." On hearing this song without understanding the words, I confess to feeling that they were playing a joke upon me

and only when Ibarra explained that it was the English way of showing a high appreciation of me, did I feel at ease and endeavored to show my gratitude. Like manifestations were repeated towards me on many other occasions during the excursion, but of course I was well prepared for them and took them in the right spirit.

The night passed without more incident than the continual buzzing of the mosquitoes which we could not get rid of even by burning several cakes of *sogno tranquillo.*

*From Tecpan to Acapulco, El Arenal and Buen Suceso.*

On leaving Tecpan, rather late in the morning, the plan was to go only as far as "El Arenal", where Don Baltasar offered us hospitality. Tecpan is only three hours from San Geronimo so that the day's journey was to be a short one but from this moment we were in no hurry to arrive at Acapulco as until the tenth there would be no steamer at that port to take us. From this circumstance we derived the advantage of being able to prolong our examination of the district.

Late in the morning we arrived at San Geronimo, a pretty place on the bank of a large river which it is impossible to wade. We had to cross in ferry-boats which are always kept in readiness. The system of transport is certainly original and interested us very much. The persons and merchandise are first put on board, then the animals are pushed into the water, and swimming, are made to drag the boats across. On the opposite shore, numerous natives of both sexes were with curiosity awaiting our arrival. Several women were washing clothes and men and children were bathing. The banks, with their wonderful green and exuberant vegetation gave an original tint to the picture which was still more brought into evidence by the brilliant sun's rays reflected into the water as if the river were full of golden sand. The painter's brush had here an incomparable subject and one of the few occasions on which Nature is surprised displaying her charms to the full. Even simple photographs, taken by us, on being revealed turn out to be veritable pictures. I shall never forget such a charming spot.

As the boats were small, the transport operations were long and laborious. On the other side at last, and in the district of "El Arenal" we again mounted our horses and after a short gallop came up to the Hacienda of Messrs. Fernandez and were received by Don Baltasar, with open arms and unerring signs of cordial welcome.

Don Baltasar here is the squire of quite 20,000 hectares of land, which comprise several towns and villages. The hospitality extended to us by this Spanish gentleman was truly exquisite and frank to the extreme. The afternoon was passed in listening to his impressions on agricultural matters, I in turn giving him the latest news about Spain he was thirsting for. He has lived in Mexico for the last thirty years, and so very few Spaniards go that way that the visit of one fills him with the highest glee and he overwhelms his visitor with kindness and attention.

After a good dinner, the evening was passed listening to a good phonograph, giving forth the latest music, the stock of which Don Baltasar very frequently replenishes. Spanish music in tangos, *jotas, sequidillas* comprised a large part of the repertoire, and produced in all that wonderful effect that only Spanish music can awake. The typical Aragonese *jota* was chorused and even danced, as was a cake-walk played in honor of the Canadians, who could not resist dancing it with such light step that one would never suspect they were fatigued after so many days marching, and counter-marching. Not even the chief could contain himself and heartily joined in the fun, surprising everybody with his agility.

"He's all right !" I cried, enthusiastically, as the others applauded and shouted "Hurrah," as the last bars of the typical American dance terminated. Everybody was really happy to see the good chief so well and contented after so many days of hard work and troubles. Unfortunately, poor Flora could not join us as she was longing to. Her

feet were in a disastrous condition owing to the bad roads.

We bade farewell to our kind host at daybreak and resumed our march. Colonel Davidson rode in the carriage, but now and again ceded it to Mr. Lukes. The others formed a kind of cavalry escort around them. Through the ranches of Tomatal, Cucatulla, Lacualpan, Camalote, Cayaco, Papayo, Lapote and Cux de Ocaquera, and passing by Coyuca de Benitez and the mill at Angas Blancas, we arrived at Cahuatitan at noon. Here we put up at the Hacienda "Buen Suceso", the object of the day's journey.

During the day my poor horse became quite done up and Dona Ines of Petatlan, his owner, stood a great chance of losing him. I was consequently obliged to lag behind and arrived long after my companions who chaffed me for it.

Don Enrique Weeis had prepared for us splendid and comfortable lodgings, and we passed the time in his house and among his banana and pine-apple plantations so much at our ease that we gave no account to the hours flying. What a man this Don Enrique is! Not even in these solitary regions could there be missing the most renowned European wines; Burgundy, Rhine, champagne, with every kind was this forest sybarite provided, and he proved to be a wonderful host demonstrating the greatest pleasure at serving us.

I have mentioned him as being a hero, and I call it heroism for a man, accustomed to the society of great cities, to consecrate his youth and best years of life to the arduous work which never gives immediate results, living day after day among people of inferior culture and only at the impulse of a blind faith in the future. Don Enrique possesses the intelligence and virtue sufficient for carrying out his big enterprise and it will not be long before he reaps the reward of his constancy.

Weeis is a model among the colonists who go to the New World in search of fortune. If Mexico one day sees the production of the Guerrero State increased it will be due to Weeis in the first instance as, if Don Baltasar did good work at San Luis and San Geronimo, he limited his initiative to increase production within the limits of the rutinary cultivation of the country but Don Enrique has initiated the movement of progress in cultivating products of much greater profit and more suitable to the tropical zone.

In his vivariums at "Buen Suceso" there are more than a million young plants waiting to be transplanted and Weeis offers them gratis to all who ask for them.

The night passed quietly and we really became sentimental at the thought of so soon having to leave such comfort and such good treatment. The Colonel gave orders for all to be in readiness by daybreak and while still dark, we were all ready to mount. In reality, this early rising was not altogether necessary as the day's march was to be a short one, but the fear of the hot sun during the first hours of the morning influenced our decision in this respect. A heavy rain-storm obliged us, however, to delay our start for an hour and when we did get on our way the sun was making itself already felt.

Following the road towards La Barra Del Coyuca, the expedition was led by Don Enrique, who better mounted than we, took us through undulating by-paths until we came to a district abounding in ponds and lagoons and very soon after we had to wade a channel which although narrow was very deceiving and we all got a wetting almost from head to foot.

Passing the ranches of Espinalillo and La Cuadrilla de San Nicolas, we reached La Barra where the meeting of the Coyuca River with several rivulets forms a great lake which extends as far as Pie de la Cuesta. We had to cross the lake in boats as the gasoline launch belonging to the Mexican Pacific Co., was under repair. The wading of the lake was very interesting, and if my ammunition had not already been spent I would have had many opportunities to shoot at numerous varieties of water-fowl, so abundant in these parts. Once on the other side, we had in view a good three hours march over hot sandy soil. The sun

was by this time literally toasting us and there was not the least possibility of shade anywhere. Through Cuadrilla de la Barra and the ranch "Cazadero" we advanced up to Pie de la Cuesta, a little village surrounded by big leafy trees which would seem to have been established there as a resting place for the tired traveller before attempting to climb the Cuesta, the only path which from Costa Grande can be utilized for entering Acapulco, as the passage along the shore is cut off here by the waves beating right up to the rocks.

After a frugal breakfast and a good rest we made ready for our last stage and proceeded to ascend the mountain path, always led by Don Enrique. Messrs. Fernandez' carriage could not be utilized any farther and the Colonel had to mount his horse again.

The mountain road to Acapulco is not a road; it is a defile through which it seems impossible that armies so formidable as those during the wars of conquest and independence could pass, yet, ther is no doubt that theye did pass with cannon and all the war material and baggage inherent to large armies.

During the struggle between Morelos and the Royalists, this wild place must have been daily traversed by both armies as it is well known that the neighborhood of Acapulco and the road between the Coyuca harbors and Atoyac were the scene of more than one terrible battle.

We had to overcome numerous obstacles, now climbing an awful sharp incline, now descending through a gorge where we risked our lives at every moment and so we struggled up to the ranch of the Chivos, where the joking Weeis, without any previous notice, played us a trick by suddenly leaving the beaten track and leading us right among the hills. He knew what he was doing, though, and we at last found out his intention by observing that now and again we went through newly cut trenches. These were some signs of the projected railway track which Weeis was directing and which he desired us to inspect. We were now approaching the trench near the shore at a height of a hundred metres above the sea level, and very soon the view of the Pacific ocean appeared to us in all its splendour and we could look back upon more than forty kilometres of coast-line, which after so many incidents, we had left behind us.

Sometimes on foot, and leading our horses, at others on horseback, according to the roughness of the ground, we at last reached the embankment which is prepared for the Acapulco section of the railway and now on a smooth level, free from all obstacles, we came in sight of the promised land, the end of our journey of accidents and fatigue.

*To be continued*

# THE MESSAGE

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

THE meeting boughs above me bend
A little of their joy to lend—
And as the wind goes blowing through
It brings a breath of love from you.
And through the shadows on the grass—
A thousand thoughts before me pass—
Dear, dancing thoughts, as light as air,
That won't be written anywhere.

# Just Smith

## A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man. Smith is transferred to Fort McLeod, where he becomes a corporal, and in the spring of the year a horse-breaker, called "Tobacco" Brown, comes to the fort to break the new remounts. He suspects Smith of being the man he is after for the abduction of his daughter, but learns that instead it is Jackson whom he is seeking, and comments on the resemblance of the two men.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

THE Colonel paced to and fro in front of the Orderly Room, chewing an unlighted cigar, and looking like three days of rain. No word had yet come from Captain Kerrigan and his party, who had pulled out that noon for the Peigan reserve to arrest the Indian cattle rustlers. It was nearly dark, now, and they had had ample time to return, unless—

The Colonel glanced at the last low red in the west where the embers of the sunset burned like glowing coals, and threw his ragged cigar away. From the gathering shadows down the draw came the uncanny yip-yip-ya-ap! of a coyote, signal of approaching darkness, and as if decided by the boding sound, the Colonel turned sharp on his heel and started for the Sergeant-Major's office.

"Guard, turn out!" yelled the sentry in front of the guard room automatic-

ally, but the O. C., shook his head. "No, no, turn in the guard," he said hastily, and passed on. The sentry cocked an estimating eye after his superior officer, and whistled "Boot and Saddle" under his breath. He had seen the Colonel move with that swift decision before.

"Sergeant-Major," said the O. C., entering that officer's sanctum, "I fear that Mr. Kerrigan has met with resistance, and I'm going to see about it myself. Order 'D' troop to saddle up at once, and have the artillery squad and the nine-pounders ready. I'll teach those damned Indians a lesson they won't forget in a hurry."

The Sergeant-Major's mouth was open to reply when the note of a bugle sounding the "Trot" came faint and clear down the trail.

"That's Kerrigan," he said, instead of assenting to the Colonel's order, and both of them made for the door.

Darkness had come in good earnest now, and Captain Kerrigan's troop rode up to the barracks gate at a swift trot like shadows out of the gloom. In the midst of them the boss teamster drove his four-in-hand hitched to a two-seated wagon in the back of which sat two young buck Indians, securely shackled and facing a couple of troopers with loaded carbines. In front of the guard room the party halted. Captain Kerrigan dismounted and handed his horse to a trooper.

"We have got them, sir," he said, saluting. "At least two of them, Bad Young Man and Deerfoot, the runner. The others are not now on the reserve, but Major Jackson and his men are on their trail. I thought it best to bring these men in at once."

"Right," said the Colonel. "See that they are safely locked up. Did you have any trouble, I was on the point of ordering out 'D' troop and going to look for you."

"Well, not what you would really call trouble, perhaps," replied Kerrigan, "but they are in an ugly mood, that's certain. They didn't make any actual resistance, but they looked as if they would enjoy having our scalps on their belts, and the chiefs refused to help us find the culprits. We had to round the beggars up ourselves, and that runner Deerfoot gave us no end of a chase—but we got him."

Bad Young Man and Deerfoot accordingly were locked up with all care. An Indian, however, is the very hardest kind of a prisoner to hold securely. After the wild, free life of the prairie, it breaks his heart to be shut up in a narrow cell, and many a red man has made away with his own life rather than endure confinement. Imprisonment seems only to turn them into wild beasts. They will stick at nothing to regain their freedom. So when in the morning the special sentry who had been placed over them was found neatly bound and gagged in the cell that had held his prisoners, his relief was not greatly surprised. The sentry protested that while he was sitting reading close to the barred opening in the cell door, one of the Indians had reached through and gripped his throat so that he could make no outcry. The other meantime pulled his keys out of his belt and unlocked the cell door with them. Afterward the two bound and gagged him, locked him in, and departed into the night by way of the prison wall and a couple of ponies stolen from the camp of some half-breeds on the flat below. This was only a guess, based on the fact that two ponies were missing in the morning. But whether the sentry had been overpowered as he said, or whether he had gone to sleep on his post, the Colonel gave him a dressing-down and packed him off under escort to Regina for twelve months imprisonment, and the fort had its work to do over again. It would never do to give the Indians such a tempting example of the ease with which they could slip between the mounted policemen's fingers; and no time nor effort could be lost in effecting the recapture of Bad Young Man and Deerfoot.

Word was wired to all the divisional headquarters, and from there sent by courier to the outlying posts. In a short time the whole countryside was in the chase. At MacLeod, the excitement was at fever heat. Every man who could be spared was in the saddle.

Small parties were despatched in every direction, and the Colonel himself prepared to lead fifty men out to the reserve where, in conjunction with the Pincher Creek detachment, he intended to surround the band of Peigans and compel them to give up the fugitives if they had returned to their lodges.

The Colonel was out surveying the preparations for the departure of his detachment, when Brown, the bronchobuster, drifted leisurely up to him. The air of the cowboy had perceptibly faded from his demeanor, and he spoke to the Colonel with a direct, if respectful, manner.

"I understand you are intending to go out after those two Indians, sir," he said. "May I be allowed to join your force as a volunteer ?"

The Colonel glanced at him with some surprise.

"Oh," he said, after a swift survey of him. "You are the man who has been breaking our remounts, aren't you ? Why, certainly you can join us. But I warn you there may be danger. Those red devils are not likely to surrender now without a fight, and they have the sentry's carbine, as well as his cartridge belt and revolver."

"I've been in scraps before," said Brown with a slow smile. "I'll borrow a carbine, though, if you don't mind."

"Oh," said the Colonel again, glancing at him once more. "Well, if you've seen fighting before, we'll be glad to have you. We'll need every man to-day. I will give orders to issue you a full equipment."

So it came about that when, an hour later, the troop pulled out at the gallop, the horse-breaker cantered in the advance guard between Scout Potts and Corporal Smith. He was in high spirits, with his inevitable cigarette between his lips and his right hand resting lovingly on the butt of the Winchester he carried at his saddle-horn.

"Now," he said, turning to Corporal Smith with a laugh as they cleared the fort, "you fellows get busy making history. I'm in the field for the old 'Trumpet' again — and I'll lay my saddle that my friend Jackson will bob up again before the day's over."

Smith looked at him thoughtfully, opened his lips as if about to say something, thought better of it, and with a dig of the spurs in his mount's flanks, galloped steadily along the trail.

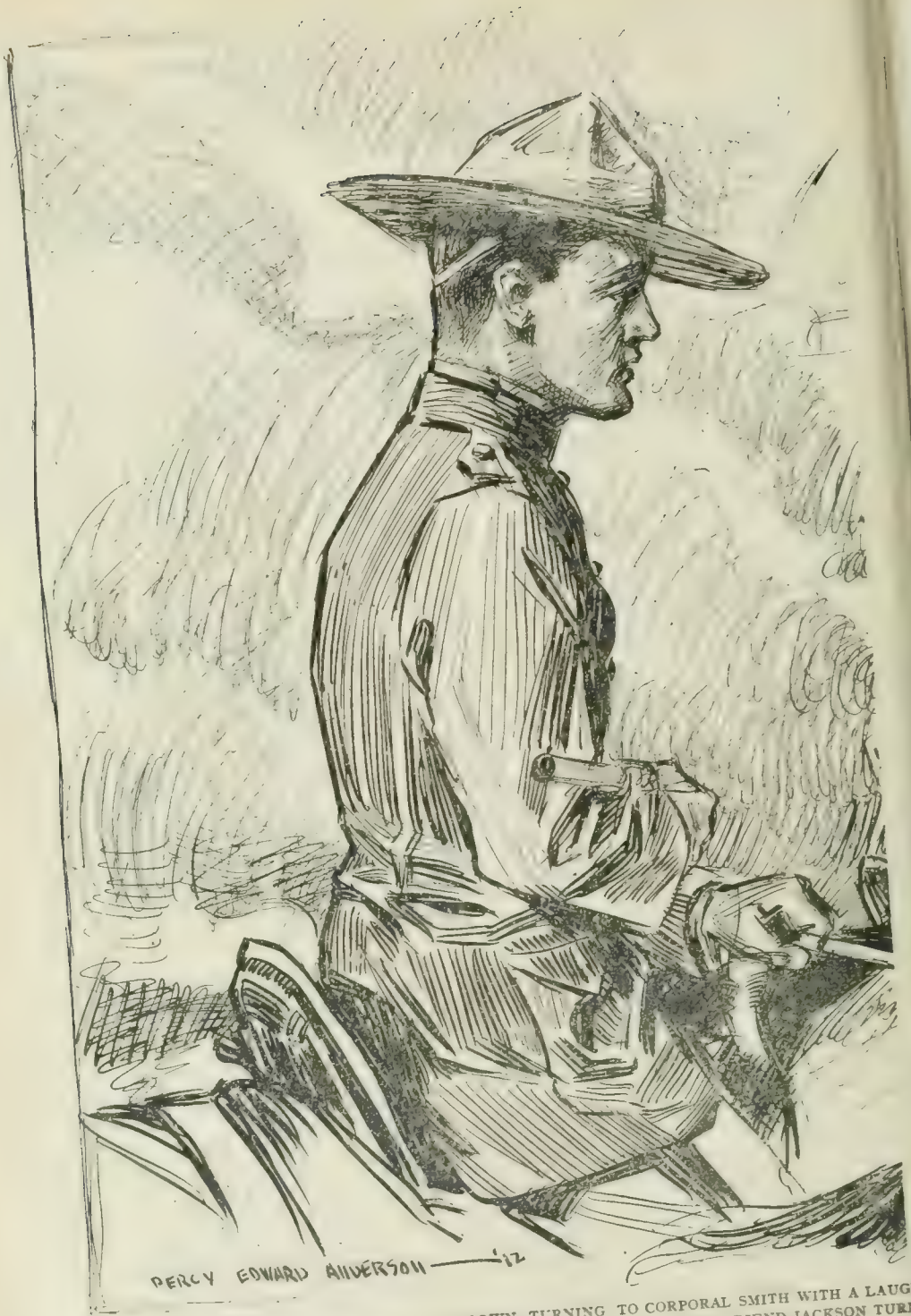
## CHAPTER XI.

As the first shafts of dazzling sunlight struck the snow-capped summit of Chief Mountain, two Indians stood on the crest of one of the Porcupine Hills and rapidly scanned the surrounding country. Bad Young Man carried the carbine he had taken from the sentry at MacLeod, and the cartridge-belt with the revolver slung in it was buckled around his sinewy waist. Deerfoot bore an American Springfield rifle.

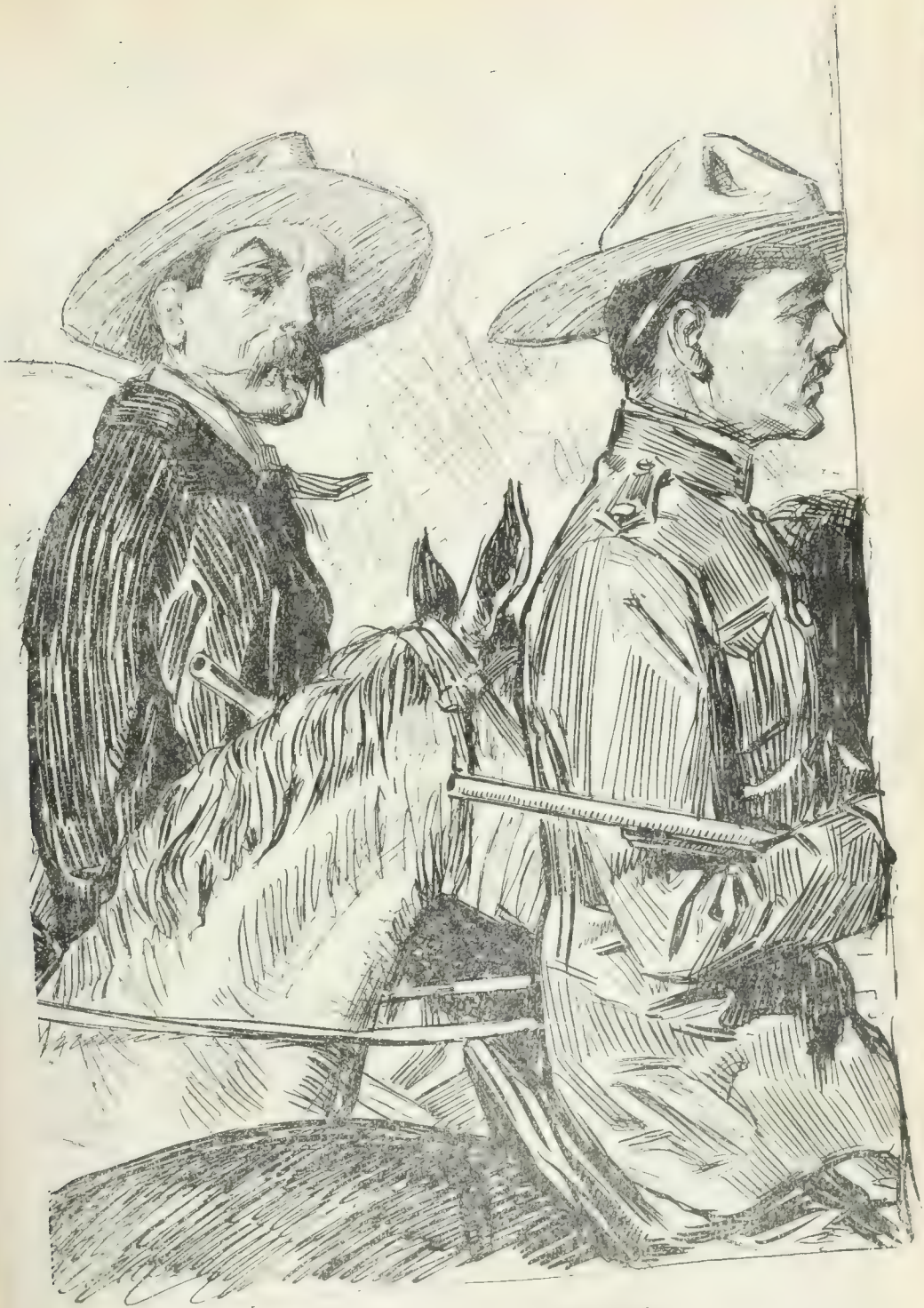
Carefully they looked across the wide stretch of country that lay below them, and suddenly Bad Young Man uttered a sharp exclamation. Instantly both sank flat on their faces in the long grass. Away to the east, the buildings of the Agency could be seen, and Bad Young Man's keen black eyes had noted a troop of Mounted Police slowly advancing along the western trail, with skirmishers thrown out on either side to comb the underbrush and low scrub which clad the valley between the two hills.

Necessarily, their progress was slow, as the brush was dense enough to offer good cover for the fugitives, but they were quite close enough to cause the Indians serious alarm. The outfit had camped at the Agency the previous night, having found no trace of the Indians on the eastern slope or in the reserve. Now, after an early breakfast, the troop was again in the saddle, with orders to beat up the country clear to the Rockies, or over them, if they found a trail to follow.

So far, no sign had been found. Potts rode along slowly, a little ahead of the advance guard, scanning the ground carefully. Whether the escaped prisoners were on foot or mounted no one knew. If the former, their moccasins would leave no sign. But if they were afoot, they could not have left the district, but must be hiding somewhere in the bluff. There were too many patrols on the lookout for them




"NOW," SAID BROWN, TURNING TO CORPORAL SMITH WITH A LAUGH
THAT MY OLD FRIEND JACKSON TURN



"YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY MAKING HISTORY. I'LL LAY MY SADDLE UP BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER"

to make it possible for the fugitives to break through.

If Bad Young Man had looked farther west, as he and Deerfoot took their morning survey, and could have penetrated the shelter of the thick woods along the creek bottom, he would have been even more perturbed. For, advancing through those woods, at an angle that would eventually cross the trail of the Colonel's party, was Inspector Jackson of the Pincher Creek detachment and three of his men. The Indians dodged the advancing detachment from MacLeod, and lay up in a bluff that seemed to them secure, but which lay directly in the path of Jackson's party.

It was about noon that Jackson heard the sharp "ping" of a rifle bullet and saw a shower of poplar leaves fall from a clipped branch. Directly in front of him was a flat bench of some two hundred yards extent. Back of that was a poplar bluff, and back of that a sheer wall of a cut bank. But it was not the scenery that took Jackson's attention. He caught a fleeting glimpse of an Indian, with smoking rifle in his hand, as he threw himself down in the long grass not fifty yards away; and signalled his men to draw rein.

"Steady, men," he said in a low voice, "and attend to my instructions. The men we want are here. One of them lies in the grass over there, and has us covered with his rifle. The other is probably in the bluff by that cut bank. Sergeant Wilson, Young and myself will dismount. Agnew will hold the horses and retire into that group of poplars. Sergeant Wilson will deploy to the right; you, Young, to the left, and cut off their retreat to the hills, while I will advance and make the arrest."

But Sergeant Wilson, who was an old campaigner, and used to Indian ways, demurred.

"Let me advise you, sir, to be cautious," he said, not without a flicker of admiration in his eyes for Jackson's nerve. "If they have the drop on us, we'd better get to cover and match our strategy with theirs. They will shoot us on sight, if we get in the open."

Jackson gave a short, ironical laugh, and looked at the sergeant in the way that always made men fidget with their fists.

"Sorry I can't give you a feeding-bottle, Wilson, but the milkman didn't leave any this morning," he remarked pleasantly. "I'm not going to skulk for a worthless Indian. And you'll do as I tell you, and be quick about it. Understand ?"

"Very well, sir," said Wilson; and without further comments he and Young slipped into the bushes as directed, each scoring up another mark against the Inspector in their private souls.

"Now," said Jackson, advancing on foot towards the Indian in the grass, "I arrest you, Bad Young Man, or whatever your name is, in the Queen's name. Put down that rifle and stand up."

The Indian rose, but there was no look of surrender in his shiny, surface-lighted black eyes, and the rifle rose with him. Jackson clinked the handcuffs in his hand, and advanced with slow steadiness.

"Put down that rifle, you dog," he cried, "and hold out your wrists."

But the Indian backed away, and levelled the rifle at Jackson's breast.

"No come near, me shoot," he said quietly.

Jackson laughed shortly, and sprang. But with the action there rang out a sharp report—the officer staggered, tried to draw his revolver, clawed the air wildly, and slid slowly to the ground. At almost the same instant the Indian dashed for the bluff. Two other shots followed, as Wilson and Young broke cover and ran for the fugitive. Again Wilson fired as he ran, and the Indian dropped; but at the same moment another rifle spoke from the bluff, and Wilson fell with a bullet in his thigh. Young ran to his comrade's assistance and dragged him back into cover, while Bad Young Man gained the shelter of the bluff, and joined Deerfoot.

"Gosh," said Young, bending over

Wilson's injured leg, "they got you bad that time, old man. Losing much blood ?"

"No," said Wilson. "Don't mind me. We've got to hold those two red devils here till 'D' troop comes—they're somewhere between here and the Agency, and they'll have heard the firing. Is Jackson dead ?"

"I think so," said Young. "Anyway, they're covering the ground, and there's no use trying to go to find out —not that I care very much, at that."

"No, it's no use now," agreed Wilson. "I can't stand, but if you give me your rifle I'll lie here and pot them if they show on this side. You work around to Agnew and borrow his carbine and send him off at once for assistance. Then you can work around behind them and cut them off if they try to escape to the hills."

"All right," said Young. "But better bandage up that leg of yours before you bleed too badly. I'll be as quick as I can." And with the word he was off through the brush.

But he had hardly gone ten steps when the sound of horses' hoofs at the gallop was heard, and Potts, Smith and Brown, followed by the advance guard of the troop, dashed around the bend. Instantly Wilson raised himself up.

"Bad Young Man and Deerfoot are in that bluff over there," he shouted. Don't let 'em break for the hills. They've got Jackson, and winged me. Two rifles."

Instantly Smith strung out his men, dismounted and under cover, to surround the Indians until the rest of the troop should arrive, and Wilson gave a rapid account of the encounter. Brown suggested that they charge the bluff at once, but Smith shook his head.

"They can't get away, and there's no use wasting men. We'll wait until the Colonel comes, and let him manage the show."

"Well, perhaps you are right," agreed Brown. "Those red devils certainly mean business. That's Jackson lying out there, isn't it ?"

"Yes," said Smith. "I'm going out in a minute, and bring him in."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said the correspondent, dropping his hand on Smith's shoulder. "He lies like a dead man. Why add your corpse to his, when you were just now saving your men ?"

"That's all right," said the Corporal, "but the question is whether he is dead. If we were sure he is past help, it would be a different thing, but he may not be; and I'm not going to let a wounded man lie out there in the sun without making an effort to save him. Anyway, I'm going out to see, and I'll go unarmed. You take my carbine, and if they shoot, pump lead into them as fast as you can."

"It will probably be too late then, my boy," returned Brown, "but go ahead. It's a Victoria Cross exploit, and I'll do what I can to cover you—or to avenge you."

Throwing off his tunic, Smith walked coolly out to where Jackson's body lay, without a sign being made by the hidden Indians. He raised the officer's head, and made a quick examination. Then he straightened up and called to Brown, who lay with his finger on the trigger of his carbine, "He's alive, though I'm afraid he's mortally wounded. He's just coming to, and I'm going to try to carry——"

The sentence was never finished. A shot from the bluff wakened the echoes of the wood, and Smith pitched heavily forward on the body of the man he was trying to save. Only a lazy little puff of smoke, floating in the hot air, flecked the dappled green of the woodland.

"You devils !" said Brown between his teeth, "You fiends !" He fired the eight shots in the magazine of the rifle in rapid succession, and had the satisfaction of hearing a yelp of pain from the bluff and only one shot fired in return. Before he had emptied his own Winchester, Potts and the three policemen came running up, and waving his rifle, he charged across the open, yelling, "Come on boys, let's get 'em !"

Potts, the crafty, shook his head; but the three policemen dashed into the bluff at the heels of the enraged American. There was a lively fusillade of shots, and an Indian broke cover, making for the river. Potts fired

coolly, and the Indian fell to his knees, jumped up again and tried to run on. But Brown had burst out of the bluff, firing as he ran, and the Indian, pitching forward on his face, lay still just as the other policeman came out of the bluff, leading the securely shackled Bad Young Man with them.

Brown turned the body of the dead redskin over with his foot.

"Got his," he muttered. "Good Indian."

Meantime, Potts had reached the two bodies lying in the open, and made a swift examination. Smith was shot in the shoulder, but would recover. The Inspector was in a much worse condition. Potts, like all scouts had some knowledge of surgery, and was busy applying a compress to stop the flow of blood, when Brown and the policemen came up.

"One you boys ride like hell to the Creek for doctor," said Potts, looking up. "Colonel and waggons come soon —all-a-right."

Agnew nodded, and went over to his horse, and Jackson, returning from those dim shores where he had been, opened his eyes, and stared at Brown.

"Wheelock," he whispered, "they—got me—assegai—" and closed them again. Then, with anxiety, "It is Wheelock ?"

"George Brown Wheelock, war correspondent," said Brown gently, "and we meet again, Major, for the last time."

"Wheelock ?" said Smith suddenly, sitting up and pressing his hand to his forehead. "Where is she ?" He stared about him stupidly—at Jackson and Brown; at the ironed Indian, standing between two constables; at the Colonel, galloping across the bench with 'D' troop at his back, and then as Potts caught him quickly in his arms, he relapsed again into unconsciousness.

*To be concluded*

# AU REVOIR

BY CY WARMAN

THIS au revoir, so sadly like good-bye,
Appals. This morning, when you went away
The heavens wept. I have not seen the sky
Since yesterday.

The tides will ebb and flow—the sun will rise
And set beyond a sea of burnished gold,
And, as it sinks, my jewel, know mine eyes
It did behold.

And, when the full moon swings from out the east
And glides above the meadows wet with dew,
Know that a welling tide of love, released,
Flows out to you.

# The Value of the Fishing Industry to Canada

## By N. G. Neill

THE fishing industry of Canada is an important asset in our national financial statement. It is one of those subjects on which little has been written in a form that is interesting to the general public, although much valuable and readable information may be found in Government blue books.

The fishing industry in Canada at the close of the year 1910 represented a production in round figures of $30,000,000. Of this, a little over $15,000,000 was exported, the balance of the catch being used for home consumption—about $2.00 worth of fish per head of our population.

At present when so much discussion is being raised about the high cost of living, it seems appropriate to draw attention to our fisheries, as fish furnish an economical and a valuable source of food supply. To quote from an eminent authority, Sir James Critchton-Browne, M.D., Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Great Britain:

"It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that, for working people of all classes, people who work with their brains as well as those who work with their hands, fish is an economical source of the energy necessary to carry on their work; and that for children and young persons it furnishes the very stuff that is needed to enable them to grow healthy and strong."

It is encouraging to note a few points in connection with the growth and development of the fishing industry. Strange to say, in Eastern Canada, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec, there is no increase worthy of note in the last ten years. The product of their fisheries in 1900 was $14,283,679; and in 1910 only $15,615,485. But a tremendous growth has taken place in Western Canadian fisheries, viz., from the inland waters of Ontario to, and including, British Columbia. The production of fish in Western Canada in 1900 was $6,353,560; as compared with the close of 1910, which showed the magnificent total of $13,727,038, an increase of over 100 per cent., in ten years. These figures do not include seal hunting on the Pacific Coast.

The largest catches on the inland waters are whitefish, trout and herring, On the great inland sea of Lake Superior the trout catch outnumbers all others. Lake Winnipeg shows a very material increase in the catch of whitefish in the last few years, whereas there is a big decrease shown in the catch on the five Great Lakes. A comparison of these figures brings us to a very interesting subject. On Lake Winnipeg there has been established for a number of years efficient fish hatcheries under the control of the Government; whereas, on the five Great Lakes, few, if any, active steps have been taken to foster the fishing industry. But at last the Government has realized the value of this industry, both as a factor of com-

merce and as food for the people, and they have now adopted a more active policy, looking to the establishment of fish hatcheries. It is to be hoped for the general good of the country that a liberal policy will be continued of encouraging and fostering the fishing industry of the Great Lakes by the establishment of efficient hatcheries at numerous points. To reap the harvest it is a world-wide cardinal principle that we must sow the seed. This is as true of the fishing industry as of wheat raising.

The latest fish hatchery established is the one at Port Arthur on the western shores of Lake Superior The building of this hatchery was started in the summer of 1911, and was partly in commission in the winter of 1912. This hatchery has an annual capacity of turning out fish fry, which, at maturity, will represent a catch of the enormous total of $10,500,000 yearly. The hatchery is equipped for the propagation mainly of lake trout, as owing to the rocky and clay formation of Lake Superior, trout find their native haunts on the shores of the Lake. A certain percentage of whitefish are also being hatched out, as there are a few sandy spawning beds in the smaller bays, which form the native haunt of the whitefish. A very interesting experiment is also being tried out in the placing of salmon fry in the lake this year, as it is believed that a very valuable salmon fishing industry can be established at Port Arthur.

Fishing as a sport is also being given serious attention at this hatchery, and at the earliest possible moment brook trout and salmon fry will be placed in the many beautiful streams and brooks surrounding the city of Port Arthur. It is the intention of the department to so carry on this work of propagation and replenishing as to create a veritable sportsman's paradise in the vicinity of Thunder Bay.

A walk through the fish hatchery is a very instructive and interesting sight. The spawn, after being taken from the mother fish in the fall—and this is usually collected by the officers of the Fishery Department from the fishing tugs—is brought to the hatchery and distributed in trays, over which there is a constant stream of cold water running. It takes, on the average, 195 days for the spawn to germinate into living fish. It is very interesting to pick up the little round globes, which look like balls of gelatine, and holding them up to the light, see the eyes and dim outline of the form of the minute fish inside. Only a small percentage of the spawn die. The dead cells are readily detected, as they turn white upon the atom of life within becoming extinct. After the baby fish extricates itself from its globular cell it is fed for two weeks on grated beef liver. By this time it is not more than a quarter of an inch long, and is then taken out and placed in the spawning beds where the old fish always gather at certain times to foster the young and growing fry. Three years is the usual time taken for fish to mature. They are not usually caught, and if caught are released, prior to that period, because the gill nets, which are generally used on Lake Superior, allow young fish to swim through. These gill nets are a great improvement upon the old style of pound nets. Many young fish were previously destroyed annually, being caught by the gills in the small mesh of the pound net.

It is a remarkable fact that few, if any, of the spawn or eggs, which are deposited in such numbers by the fish during the spawning season in the open waters of the lakes or rivers, ever come to maturity. This brings up a very curious and interesting subject. By some unexplained provision of nature the fish are influenced to deposit their eggs or spawn usually on stormy nights, and, as the eggs are delicate, one can easily see how they are destroyed by the action of the turbulent waters. And this will naturally take place, even in calm weather. It is a generally understood principle that the water at the bottom of the lakes is never ruffled to any extent, although the surface might be lashed into billows. But then you must remember that the

fish deposit their eggs on the more shallow sand bars and ledges of rock.

Fish culture, especially in view of these facts, would seem to be the natural course to follow if we expect to maintain our fishing industry. We have for many years been gathering enormous harvests from the lakes and rivers of our country without doing anything to replenish them. As in many other things we have to look to China as our leader in this connection. It is believed that China is the home of fish culture, for it is known that over 150 years ago fish culture was receiving their attention. And they even went so far as to develop a species of goldfish which are to-day known as the "Fan Tail." This goes to prove that the fish hatchery is not a new thing or an experiment by any means, but that after all these years of extravagant waste, we are following in the steps of people whom we like to look on as the "Heathen Chinese."

Another remarkable instance of the value of fish hatcheries is to be found in Norway, which is one of the largest producers of fish to-day, and which fifteen years ago had not less than forty-five hatcheries.

About the only fish that really take care of their eggs and bring them to maturity under natural conditions are the bass, which unfortunately cannot be efficiently nurtured or propagated in a hatchery. The female fish digs a hole with her nose in the bottom of the river or lake where she deposits her eggs, and then with her tail replaces the earth. Until the eggs are matured and the small fish are hatched out, both the father and mother circle around the nest of eggs. Those who have investigated this interesting condition tell us the parents will adopt any methods to defend their nest. They have been known to jump out of the water on to the bank or into a passing boat when they thought their nest was about to be disturbed.

A fish hatchery, even with the output of that at Port Arthur, which is valued at $10,500,000 annually, is not a large building. An imperial measure quart will hold 7,000 salmon trout spawn, and the same measure will contain 40,000 whitefish spawn. In fact, whitefish spawn is so small that it has to be treated in glass jars instead of on trays on which the salmon trout are gradually nurtured into life.

Here is a valuable industry which requires only a small outlay in buildings and equipment, and only a nominal maintenance cost per year. Yet it is the nucleus of an industry that will give employment to many men, and, through large export trade of lake trout and whitefish, will be the means of bringing in enormous revenue

It must not be imagined that this is a new industry at Port Arthur. The fishing trade has always been of considerable monetary value, as the piles of fish on the wharves, especially in the fall of the year, and the carloads which are shipped out throughout the year, both east and west in Canada and in the United States, amply demonstrate. But Port Arthur has in this hatchery the nucleus of a very much larger development, and one which will redound to the credit of the Province of Ontario and the wise policy of the Fishery Department of the Government.

It can readily be seen that our fish hatcheries are a valuable asset in our country's development, creating a source of wealth to our people, and at the same time supplying at a low cost a valuable form of diet; and, consequently, they should be given every attention by the Government, and also should receive a greater amount of interest from all classes of our people.

# Cornering Oatmeal

## By Hubert McBean Johnston

Illustrated by Frank H. Young

ALEX MACPHERSON shifted uneasily and wiped away the perspiration. "No, sir, I have no money—that is, none to speak of. But my father has a business, and I'll be a partner some day, and——"

The old Dutchman held up his hand.

"Dot is not enough," he interjected. "When I married me my Gretchen, I did have no money either—none; but I had my mill—and debts and a mortgage. The debts and the mortgage, they are paid, and I have the mill yet. Yet I have no Gretchen—only my Alvina now. You have not enough already."

"But I will have," argued Alex stubbornly. "My father has, and I am going to have. Besides Alvina—"

Old Hans shook his head more in reproof than in disapproval. "It would not be fair to my Alvina, and to her I must be fair. When you have some money, or a business, or a mill—or even a mortgage—I will talk to you, ja. Now, nein." He was very decisive in his manner.

Tramping disheartenedly homeward, the young Scotchman could not but acknowledge the justice of Vanderjact's decision. The old man was wealthy; it was only fair that an aspirant for his daughter's hand should have something.

Macpherson, senior, glanced at the clock and then glared at his son in disapproval.

"Yon was not my bed hour on the Sabbath when I was a lad," he hinted with dry sarcasm. "Ye been courtin' yon Dutch lass again?"

Alex allowed the taunt to pass.

"Do you remember when I quit school, father?" he asked diplomatically.

"Ay." Macpherson, senior, resumed his paper.

"I've been working for you ever since."

"You've been drawin' pay." He turned the page and spread the whole sheet out between his son and himself.

"You said you'd make me a partner as soon as I knew the business. I believe I know it now; what do you think?"

Macpherson the elder laid down the paper and picked up a book.

"What do I think!" He roared it. "A partnership! Ye a partner o' mine?" Apparently the idea was too much for him.

Alex refused to budge from his position. "I've been working for you full six years now. I think I'm entitled to it," he replied sturdily.

Sandy Macpherson abruptly changed his tone from anger to that of scoffing laughter. Ridicule will serve where wrath fails.

"Six year!" he mimicked jeeringly. "Six year was but an apprenticeship in my day. It's a nurse you'll be needin'—not a partnership. Gang alang to yer bed."

But Alex did not go to bed at once. He climbed the stair thoughtfully, and when he reached the room, sat down at the writing table. He ran up a column of figures that he had been putting down. Their total made him pull a long face. The expression on his father's face when he had come in, bothered him; it had driven his own troubles pretty well aside.

Picking up his pencil again, he drafted a letter. The address read: "Messrs. Sims, Adams & Sims, Advertising Agents, New York City." Having completed it, he read it over critically and stuffed it in his pocket.

"I'll typewrite it to-morrow just for safety's sake," he muttered to himself as he turned out the light. "On the firm's letterhead, it ought to bring them down."

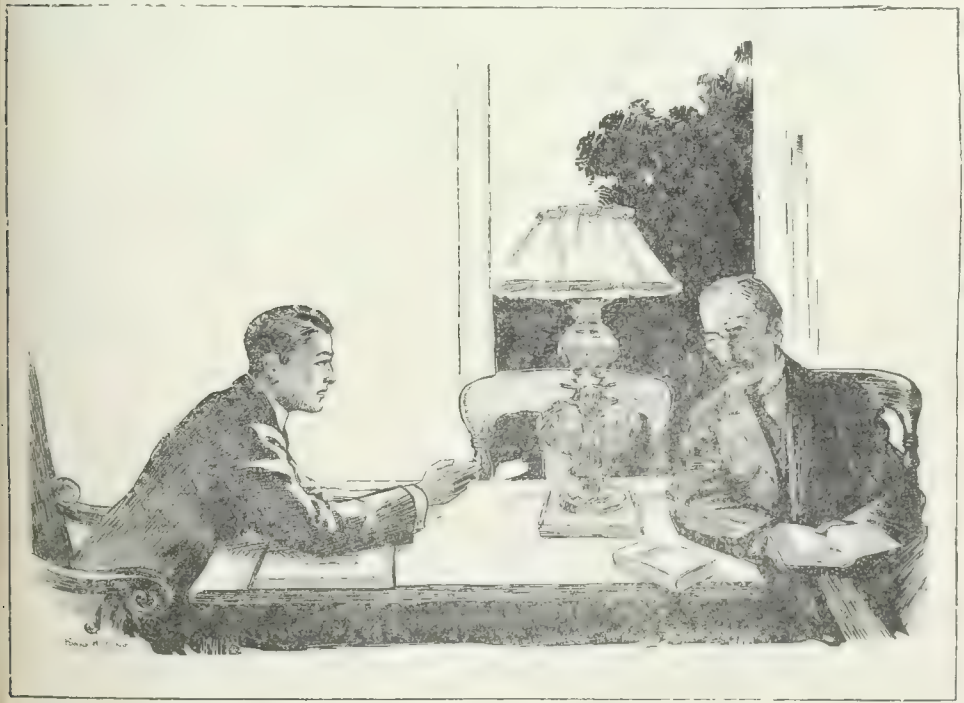
Sandy Macpherson was not entirely averse to giving his son a partnership—and far from feeling as strongly as he had pretended. Vanderjact, his competitor, he did not like; Alvina Vanderjact, the daughter, he rather admired—even as a daughter-in-law, he could find no real, tangible objection to her. But with business as it was, she must come as the wife of an employe—not partner. He was determined that he would never have Alex's wife explaining a small income to her father. There was no reason why Hans Vanderjact should know anything of "Macpherson's Oatmeal" from the inside.

Macpherson's dislike for Vanderjact dated back to even before they had been competitors. His original objection to the Dutchman had been simply that he was a Dutchman—nothing more and nothing less.

When he had first come to the town, Macpherson had been horrified to discover that the entire district relied for its supply of oatmeal solely on Vanderjact's mill.

"A Dootchie makin' braw Scots' o'tmeal!" he had commented in indignant wrath.

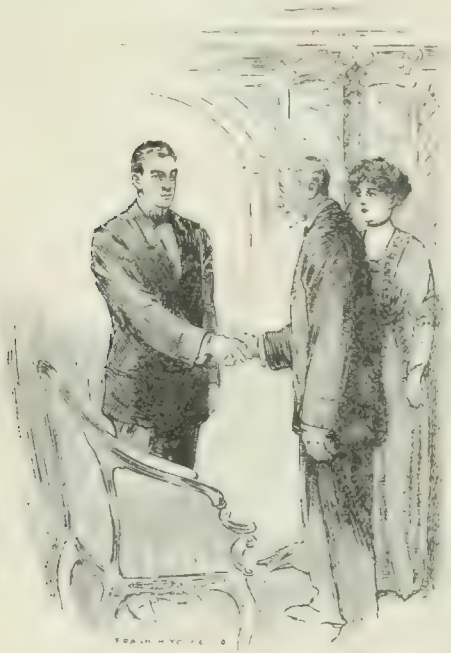
He had immediately demonstrated that he possessed the courage of his convictions against all Hollanders by at once putting almost every cent he possessed into an opposition plant. It was only after he had tied up all his money that he discovered Vanderjact had stolen a march on him and had contracted with the farmers of the whole district for a term of fifteen years for a first option each year on their entire oat crops at prevailing market prices at each time of purchase. Although thus forced to buy in much greater quantity than was demanded



"A PARTNERSHIP! YE A PARTNER OF MINE?" APPARENTLY THE IDEA WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE ELDER MACPHERSON

by his own mill, the surplus which Vanderjact did not require he at once turned over at market prices without handling, and shipped to outside points. His original calculation had been that Macpherson would buy from him; but save on one or two occasions when he had found it absolutely necessary, this the Scotchman had absolutely refused to do.

The hard feeling, originally founded on prejudice, had turned to bitter enmity when he discovered that Vanderjact intended to make a profit at his expense—a profit on virtually every dollar's worth of business he did. Nor was this enmity lessened when he found that the Dutchman, seeing that Macpherson would not buy from him, was willing to sell for outside shipment at market prices. He never reasoned with himself that Vanderjact was simply trying to protect his own market; he regarded the whole operation as a conspiracy aimed against himself. Though the price he could have secured from Vanderjact would have totaled only to the regular market, plus about half what the freight would cost him, he preferred to buy outside, even though the expense was somewhat more.



SEVERAL TIMES HE APPROACHED VANDERJACT ABOUT ALVINA

The Dutchman's shrewdness had reacted against Macpherson in another way—a way which Vanderjact himself had never anticipated or foreseen. Instead of biding his peace, Macpherson had chosen to believe that the farmers of the district were leagued in a conspiracy against him, and was foolish enough to upbraid them. He managed to first create a laugh at his own expense; then to stir up against himself sufficient resentment to ruin his home market.

Forced both to pay a higher price for his raw material and to bear the higher cost of selling to outside points—not to mention the expense of developing that outside market—Macpherson ceased selling oatmeal in bulk, and as a counter move for self-protection went into the package business. His endeavor was to secure a higher price for his product, and until heavily advertised brands invaded his market, he did well enough. Newer and extensively advertised cereals, however, hit him seriously; the advent of the breakfast foods, with their tremendous national publicity campaigns and aggressive sales methods, struck him a body blow. What his son suspected, Macpherson knew to be a fact—his affairs were really in an extremely bad condition.

Several days after, as Alex was standing in the open doorway of the mill attending to some shipments, he was accosted by a dapper little man who twirled a sharply pointed mustache with a zeal almost religious in its fervor.

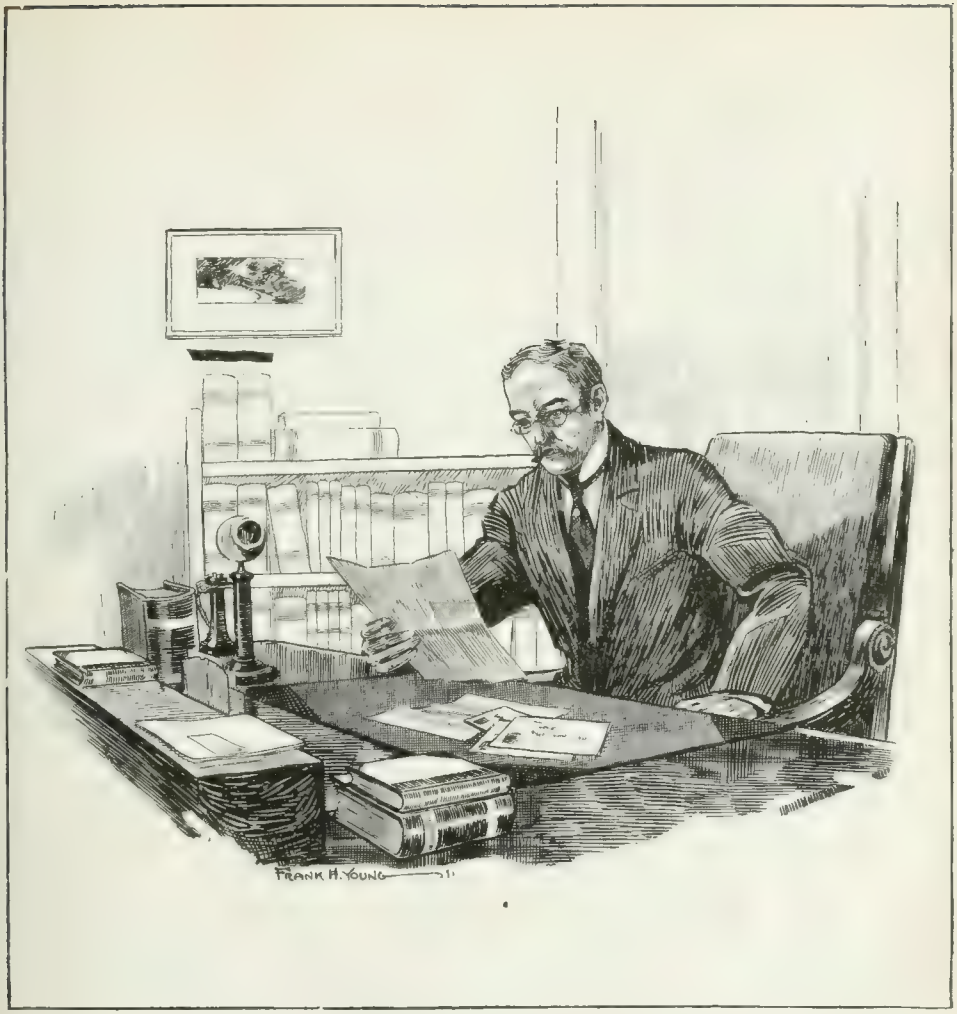
"You're Mr. Macpherson?"

Alex admitted the correctness of his guess.

"My name's Sammis," the stranger introduced himself. "Represent Sims, Adams & Sims, advertising agents. Just happened to be in town, thought I would drop over. Ever advertise?" The last of these jerky sentences popped out in the form of a question.

"I guess it's my father you want to see." Alex was all indifference. "He attends to that end of it."

"What are your own ideas on the matter of publicity?" Sammis was




BUT WHEN THE NIGHT SHIFT WAS PUT TO WORK TO FILL THE ORDERS, MACPHERSON BEGAN TO LOOK ANXIOUS

man who never neglected an opportunity. Macpherson, senior, was the man to-day; it would be Macpherson, junior, to-morrow.

But Alex Macpherson was his father's son—he was not to be caught. "I really know nothing about it," he confessed, candidly. "Here's father now."

Realizing that he had the head of the house to deal with, Sammis wasted no time, but proceeded straight to the heart of his argument.

"We're more than an advertising house, Mr. Macpherson," he explained. "We realize that advertising and salesmanship must go hand in hand to insure success, and we don't want to merely prepare you an advertising campaign and then stop. We want to handle your advertising, but not unless we may expect from you the fullest kind of selling co-operation. We have too much at stake to touch it in any other way. We are students of sales methods and we want an opportunity of putting our experience to work for you all along the line. We have a good reputation as business developers to maintain, and we know that you have a product whose quality needs only to be shown to the public in the right

way to make it an unqualified success. That's why we want to get together with you; we are seeking accounts that have back of them goods good enough to make good for us when we have made good for them."

"Ye're a gude talker," commented Macpherson at last, breaking a silence that had threatened to close the conversation; "but I'm afraid I'm no' interested." He was on the point of turning away.

"Mr. Macpherson," questioned Sammis quickly in a rapid effort to regain the waning interest, "would you be interested—if I engaged to double your sales, have you the capacity to meet the demand?"

The Scotchman paused, "Ay," he responded, cautiously.

"And if we double for you again on top of that?"

"Ye canna dee that," he said, laughing. "Dee ye mean ta tell me ye can dee in a year what I hae bin tryin' to dee for over twelve?"

"Just that!" Sammis was very much in earnest. "Not that we claim to know anything about the oatmeal business—for we don't. But we do know that your goods are good, and we do know that we can sell them as fast as you can put them out. You know one end of the business; we know the other. We ought to make a strong combination."

Macpherson laughed again. "Ye talk brawly," he scoffed.

Alex decided that the time had arrived for him to take a hand in the conversation.

"You're not thinking of advertising, father?" he asked, innocently.

"I think not," decided Macpherson, dryly.

It was the answer he had anticipated. "I'm glad to hear you say so, for I couldn't agree to any such foolish expenditure," replied his son.

"Agree!" Macpherson glared at his son.

Alex determined to make sure of his work. "Surely I have something to say about it, fa——" He stopped in well-feigned confusion at the look on his father's face.

Macpherson did not deign to reply.

"Mr. Sammis," he said, turning to the advertising man, "will you step inside with me a bit?"

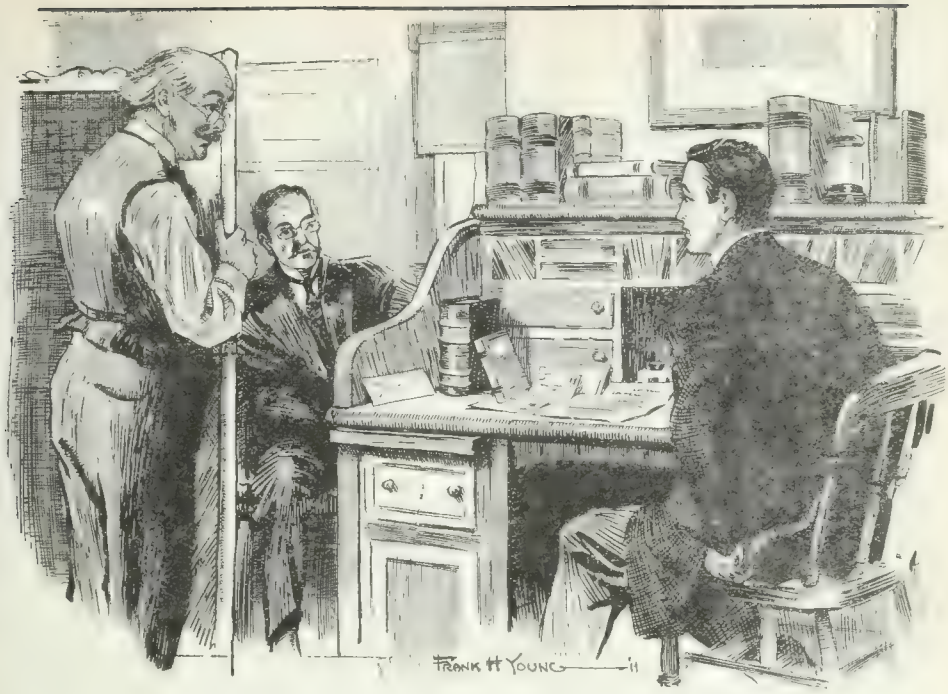
Alex had outgeneraled his father; the first victory belonged to him.

The advertising which started in the course of the next six weeks included an entire new selling plant, with fresh material and new ammunition throughout. The name of "Macpherson's Oatmeal" began appearing on full and half pages of practically every newspaper of importance within a radius of a hundred miles; billboards throughout the district were emblazoned with huge reproductions of it; booklets with numerous ways to cook "Gude Scots O'tmeal," and "Macpherson's Oatmeal" in particular found their way to almost every household within the magic circle. The name began to drop glibly from the tongues of a multitude who had never before heard of it.

A corps of expert salesmen covered the wholesale and retail grocery trade wherever the advertising went—booking orders by the padful on the strength of the aggressive publicity. Within a week the mill's reserve stock was cleaned out slick and clean; by the end of the fortnight every wheel was turning to its full capacity for nine hours daily; before one single month had passed, Macpherson's mill was doing something it had never in its entire history done before—it was running a night shift and stopping only for breakdowns.

Never had Macpherson seen such orders. As the reserve stock disappeared he said nothing, but silently rubbed his hands. When they reached the full capacity of a nine-hour day he went so far as to twit Alex for having opposed the idea of advertising. Alex merely smiled. But when the night shift was put to work, Macpherson began to look anxious. His original territory had been pretty well worked and was taking care of itself satisfactorily; Sammis was clamoring for him to carry out the original plan and extend into pastures new.

"Take another point four or five hundred miles away," he advised, "and establish a wareroom there as a distributing center for another sales




"I DON'T UNDERSTAND," GASPED ALEX IN STUPEFACTION, "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

and advertising campaign. That way you'll gradually work over the whole country in circles and then as the edges of your circles meet you'll have your goods in stock everywhere in the whole country and be in shape for a national campaign in the magazines."

"But I can't meet the demand now," Macpherson protested. "Hadn't we best make haste a bit slower ?"

"Haven't I advised you well so far ?" demanded Sammis, secure in the campaign's success. "Call in a builder and enlarge your plant if you must; but get into the field, Macpherson—get into the field while the moment is ripe for you."

Plans were drawn for an addition twice the size of the original mill. But mills cannot be built in a day, and to keep pace with the demand Macpherson drew on several mills in adjoining towns, buying bulk oatmeal from them in carload lots. This he had put into his own cartons and shipped to his trade.

Then, one morning he found a letter on his desk—a letter from a wholesale house. Messrs. Adam Edwards & Co. begged to state that the last consignment of "Macpherson's Oatmeal" they had received had gone sour—partly in their own warehouses and partly on the shelves of their customers. The letter also announced the return of some forty-odd cases, and asked that they be replaced with new goods, vaguely hinting at a withdrawal of trade if the fresh consignment was not up to standard.

But the trouble was not confined to one house. A whole batch had gone wrong and for a week every mail brought similar letters.

After Macpherson had examined some of the returned cases he knew where the difficulty lay. The stock that had gone bad was that which he had bought outside. Whether it had been sent him in a spirit of malice to hurt his trade or whether in their haste to fill his order the mills had not taken proper care mattered little. The damage was done.

"Alex," he said to his son that evening, "this means shuttin' down

on the advertisin' till yon new mill's completed. We'd better wire that man Sammis to come down."

"That would be too bad, father," answered Alex; "don't you think possibly it was just a mistake—that the next lot may be all right ?"

"Ye canna tell," replied Macpherson broadly; "the'r mistak's are dom expensive to us. 'Tis a resk o' reputation and we canna afford to lose that."

Alex did not reply. To shut down on the advertising would be to lose ground already gained; to keep on and not be able to supply the market the publicity developed would be suicidal.

"Do you think I know oatmeal, father ?" he questioned at last.

"You ought," replied Macpherson shortly.

"Well, then, why not do this ?" Alex leaned excitedly across the table. "Why not put me out for a while and let me buy for you ? You can easily get someone else to look after the shipping for a bit and it will be a whole lot better than cutting down right at this stage of the game."

Macpherson looked doubtful.

"What do you say ?" cried Alex. "Will you do that ?"

"Ay—on one condition."

"Name it."

"On condition that no word of this gets to Vanderjact. I'll have no string o' wagons streamin' up here frae yon Dootchman. Ye understan' —I'll hae none o' his o'tmeal."

"Then it's settled," said Alex. "I'll engage to deliver in cars on the mill siding."

"Ay," agreed Macpherson shrewdly, "if you promise that—in cars."

As he reached the door his father called him back.

"I'll reserve the right to refuse any oatmeal that's not up to standard," he ultimated. "You'll have to put that in your agreements with sellers."

"You'll be buying from me, father," replied Alex. "I'll first buy and then sell to you; if it's not right, you can turn it down."

Macpherson was suspicious. "Why will ye do that ?" he asked.

"It will give me a chance to make a bit of money," his son explained. "I have some of my own to invest somewhere, you know; if I can buy low enough I may be able to make a little profit."

His father grunted. "Very well," he commented. "Do it your own way. But I'll pay no more than I hae been payin'."

"No more," Alex agreed.

From the railroad station, where he had a long talk with the agent, Alex took a walk the following morning down to the other end of the village to Vanderjact's mill. Old Hans Vanderjact was alone in the office.

"I'm going into business, sir," announced Alex, opening the conversation. "I want to buy oatmeal from you—to job it. I have a connection that will give me a fair output if you will sell to me. Your oatmeal's good and you have the capacity to turn it out."

Vanderjact nodded slowly. "Und you buy for your father, ja ?"

Alex merely laughed. "Whatever I buy, Mr. Vanderjact, will be loaded on cars right on your own siding. Does that look like local selling? I'm going into the jobbing business, I tell you."

Old Hans sighed ruefully. "Vell," he agreed, "we haf the capacity, ja. You father has gifen us that. To him I would not sell, nein; to you, ja, you are a jobber."

The balance of the conversation was confined to an arrangement of terms. Vanderjact was to supply Alex with oatmeal in such lots as he required it for the space of one year. Alex managed to secure figures which allowed him a small profit. While Vanderjact did not get the prices he asked, the deal would enable him to keep his mill running.

While Alex would have liked a couple of cars at once, he felt it best not to be too hasty. To avert the suspicions of both his father and Vanderjact he absented himself from town for several days. By the one he was supposed to be buying oatmeal; by the other to be selling it. In reality, he was fishing.

On his return he had three cars loaded. Fifteen minutes after the

switch engine was hitched to them they were on his father's siding.

Macpherson examined them critically. "They're gude," he approved. "Almost as gude as our ain. I'll take them."

For the next four months the little comedy was repeated almost daily. Some days four or five cars would be handled, other days only one or two. and occasionally none at all. Alex managed to average three cars a day, however, and to keep the mill owners at both ends of what he termed "the direct line" well satisfied. Meantime, he enjoyed a glorious vacation.

Several times he approached Vanderjact about Alvina; but each time the old Dutchman put him off. Finally, one day he put his request a little stronger than usual.

"Well," replied Hans, "I guess you haf a business, ja. But I am sorry; would your father not take you back with him ?"

Alex shook his head dolefully. "How could I ask him ? Or do you think I would if I could ?"

"Den," pursued Vanderjact briskly, "will you be a partner with me ? I make good oatmeal—you sell it well; what you say ?"

The offer took Alex's breath. "I —I—" he stammered; "I don't know what to say."

"Of course not." He leaned back in his chair toward the desk and drew forth a long, folded paper, "Here," he said, "is an agreement for partners. I had my lawyer get it ready. If you like it, all you have to do is to write your name and it is done. Now—now —say nothing. Just put it in your pocket and read it well. Then tell me to-morrow, eh ?"

When he was out of sight of the mill Alex opened the paper and ran it over. Even at a glance he could see that it would be a good agreement for him. Moreover, it was complete, even to the bold signature of Hans Vanderjact. It required but the addition of his own name and that of a notary to make it legal and binding.

"Father," he said suddenly that night at the table, "I want that partnership. Am I entitled to it ?"

His father looked up from his plate, "Aye," he replied quietly, "I think you are, lad. I've been thinking so this three months gone. We'll see to it to-morrow."

As he had spoken, Alex's hand had instinctively gone to his pocket for Vanderjact's contract. He had meant to use it as a leverage on his father. Then, on the impulse of the moment, he drew it suddenly forth and, without a word, handed it across to his father. Macpherson read it over carefully, raised his eyebrows slightly, and then handed it back.

"'Tis a gude contract," he said broadly. "Which will you take ?"

"Yours," replied Alex without an instant's hesitation, "if you still want to make it after you know it's Vanderjact's oatmeal I've been selling you all along."

His father never moved a muscle of his face. "Did you think I didna ken that ?" he asked at last. "Ay. I'll still make it. You deserve it for the way you've covered the tracks to the Dootchie."

"I shall have to tell him to-morrow when I refuse this," Alex commented.

"Ay ?" Macpherson put it with a rising inflection. It was a question. "Well, the new mill's near complete." He paused a moment in contemplation. "Why will you no' take his offer too ? You'll be weddin' his daughter, I mistake no'."

Alex whistled softly.

"Father," he asked a few moments later, after a second's thought, "did you ever guess that I had opposed your going into advertising just to spur you on ? I've often thought it queer you never jumped on me for that."

"Ay, I did," grinned Macpherson. "I found the draft o' your letter to that man Sammis, an' I put two and two together. I had it before Sammis came to see us. I didna advertise to spite you; I tried it because I thought maybe you were richt."

When he returned the paper to Vanderjact next day the Dutchman slowly unfolded it, noted that it bore only his own signature, and then looked up at Alex, where he stood beside the desk.

"I couldn't," replied Alex tersely to the implied question. "It would be false pretenses. You think I've been working up a market for your oatmeal when I haven't done any such thing. I've been selling every bit of it to my father."

Old Hans smiled and nodded.

"I know it," was his amazing reply. "I have known it all the time. The second lot of cars that you did run out of here I watched. I was just waiting to hear you tell me. That is good. Ja. You can have Alvina now —for you have done what is good."

Then he dipped the pen in the inkstand and offered it to Alex.

"Will you sign it yet ?" he asked. "When you marry my Alvina it will belong to you some day anyhow. Why not now ?"

Then Alex explained. "I'm going in with my father," he said.

Still Vanderjact held out the pen.

Alex shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he replied very decidedly. "I couldn't serve two firms; I've tried it and it doesn't work out."

Suddenly Vanderjact arose, stepped over to a screen that commonly stood beside his desk, and pulled it aside

Behind it sat Sandy Macpherson !

"You might sign it, lad," he suggested with a deep chuckle. "Read it first if you like and then put down yer name. 'Tis a right bonny contract."

In a daze Alex discovered that it was a different document from the one he had carried over night. The bottom bore the signature, not only of Vanderjact, but of his father as well !

Then he read it over. It was an agreement for a combination under the title of The United Milling Company; it took in the two mills, and his signature would give him a one-third interest in both. When he looked up at them they both burst into laughter.

"I don't understand," he gasped in stupefication. "What does it mean?"

"That two old fools has come to their senses, already," replied Vanderjact.

"I—I—you— When ?" He got it out at last.

"After I had been buyin' frae ye less 'n a week," replied his father. "Did you think to blind two old birds, ye bairn ? Vanderjact here had to sell an' I to buy. 'Twas merely the obvious. Put doon yer name, lad."

# IGNORANCE

BY GRACE HUDSON ROWE

A MILLION heads sleep here beneath the roofs,
And thousands of us never saw the light
That, stark against the breakers' snarling jaws,
Flashes its steady red and white to sea.
Warm and content, we never know who, far
Beyond our little circle's rim of light,
Walks hungry in the snow for us, and builds
The House of England safe, and wide, and free,

*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

### TO THE NEW YEAR

*Sweet are thy lips of holly red to earth*
*Still blushing 'neath the yet hung mistletoe;*
*The bells are pealing with a peaceful mirth,*
*Greeting and blessing—bowing to and fro.*

*What joy dwells in the breast of hidden green!*
*Each bud, a well-nursed hope, rests calmly there,*
*Wearing itself upon earth's dews unseen*
*To burst in splendor on the golden air.*

*O'er thy brow Bethlehem's star beholden—*
*Shines upon thy heart all heavenly peace,*
*Through the sad tears of ever changing men*
*And sighs for love—and for all wars to cease.*

*O, may thy feet, gentle as drifting snow,*
*Be guided by the holy of all lands;*
*O, whilst the breath of war burns a wild glow,*
*May Christian nations clasp each others' hands!*

HERE we are again facing the New Year! The shortest day has passed but the larger part of our Canadian winter is yet to come. Not for us early little spring flowers in February. Not for us a stroll down the old lane, pausing to listen to the lark who whirls aloft in a lovely burst of sunshine, or seeking the first young violet leaves at the foot of the oak, or plucking the silvery catkin from the willow that broods above the little stream down yonder. With us February stands, a cloaked figure, grim and gray, showing little promise of the spring that nestles under the skirt of his mantle, or the glories of the May-time when all the young world bursts into song.

In the old land across the water Robin Redbreast sits singing on the glossy holly bough, and even as early as January, the faint bleat of the first lamb trembles on the bleak air. Here we have the "wintry veil of maiden white" of which the poet speaks, and we have the mid-winter thaw, and roads gray with mud and trampled snow. This too, is the time of the Opening of the Books of the year that has sped, and the casting up of accounts with his Ghost. Too, before us on the same desk, lie the white pages on which we will write—what? during the coming months.

What did you do with last year? Did you keep even one of the good resolutions with which you so buoyantly and carelessly faced the rosy Boy you called for twelve long months 1912? Did you do one good deed worthy to be remembered? Help anybody? Comfort anybody? Make any sacrifice of self in the service of anybody? Or did the days slip by—fading from dawn to dark—idly frittered—this good, this rare, this priceless Time?

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### WHAT HAVE YE WRITTEN?

ALL the past year Death has been busy. Not one day did he let

pass without reaping of human harvest. How memories arise and throng like ghosts about us as we face the new months pregnant with events—with tragedies, griefs and losses for so many of us, and with joys as well. Perhaps we too, shall fade as a leaf before a New Year rings out upon the old world again. Even as we stand and ponder, Death passes us rapidly, striking at Life as he goes. How many happy opportunities foregone do not the dead months reproach us with ! What have we done to Love, to Friendship ? How much love, how many friends have we lost by procrastination about so small a matter as writing, or through the groove of special occupation, or the little trivialities of everyday life, such as the hasty word, the petty misunderstanding born of false pride or foolish reticence, the idle gossip—anything ! Everything ! O, sins of omission, how heavy you can lie across the soul !

But we may still redeem some hours of old Time, as he himself tells us

> The space is brief—
> While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
> And measureless thy joy or grief,
> When Time and thou shalt part forever.

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### THE SCARLET WOMAN

SOME commotion obtained in England lately over the letter in one of the London newspapers of Miss Cicely Fox-Smith, who it seems has lately toured Western Canada and is now recording her impressions. They were not nice impressions, being of a crimson or vivid hue. Drunken men being thrown out of saloons followed by spittoons, and other articles of bar furniture; painted ladies of easy virtue, and too many willow plumes, with the foolish remittance man—that unfortunate "blighter"—dancing about among them—seem to be all the inspiration Miss Fox-Smith got out of our last great west. It savors of comedy to see old Lady London holding up mittened hands in horror at the gay and vicious Prairie Towns. Of course, Miss Fox-Smith brings in "woolly" when she speaks of Canada. Who invented the epithet ? The funny part of the story is that many Britishers living out West, took Miss Fox-Smith seriously, and flew to our "Colonial" rescue. They wrote letters terribly in earnest—letters with an English accent, —defending the Prairie Towns, and assuring Londoners that Canada is not another Babylon, and that the Scarlet Woman has not yet emigrated. These poor chaps are quite terribly in earnest. So is a lad from Blackpool, who solemnly warns his countrymen against the wild and woolly, and her temptations. He tells them there is more unconcealed vice in a prairie town of three hundred inhabitants than in a dear old-country city of thirty thousand, with no end of bars where women may congregate and drink like forty Sairy Gamps and have young ladies with very red cheeks and very long earrings to wait on them. Imagine Calgary, or Moose Jaw, or sweet young Saskatoon, with a procession of Bats in plumed hats strolling through its respectable main street, as a like procession strolls from Leicester Square, through the Strand and into, say Liverpool Street, in London ! Of course, in London the Gamps would not be thrown out of public houses at high noon, much less have such vulgar things as spittoons thrown after them, nor would all the Bats be able to sport willow plumes, nor has London, or Glasgow, or Dublin, what Miss Cicely Fox-Smith designates in her innocence, "twilight" districts. But we are very bad—we certainly must be very bad and lurid and scarlet out West !

Miss Fox-Smith is a regular Eye-Opener. That's what she is. I wonder how she would like the title for a pseudonym !

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### WOULD YOU WANT DEATH TOO?

A WOMAN, thirty-three years old, a wife and mother, lies dying slowly in the Audubon Sanitarium. She may live for years and years; live to be a very old woman, but she can never be cured, can never stir hand or foot, or help herself in any way. Moreover, she is not paralyzed as we think of paralysis—as a sort of placid, peaceful, if helpless affliction. She is in continual pain. No opiate is any longer effective. She must suffer always. The muscles of her body are useless and impotent,

but her nerves are alive and throbbing. "Most persons," she says herself, "recall with a shudder the jumping nerves of toothache. My entire body is enveloped with such nerves which I must endure, from which my paralysed muscles do not permit me to shrink—and that pain never leaves me save when I drowse for a moment."

So this woman makes outcry for death. She appeals to humanity at large to give her peace. But to give her that for which she asks—so piteously—would be to break the law and commit murder, so she must suffer to the end. Her physicians would willingly grant her request, but they dare not. A nurse who loves her would give her the kind grace of eternal rest but she dares not. Legal-medical experts have placed their views on this question before her. Such power over life and death, they told her, must not be given into the hands of any man or any body of men. It would be dangerous to the whole race. And now, the woman, Mrs. Sarah Harris, makes her last appeal through the press, and entreats that exception be made in her case, and an end put to her sufferings. She pleads frantically. She is receiving letters every hour from good people suggesting prayers and patience. She replies that she is past all that.

"It is idle to say to me," she says, "that all things are ordained for the best, and that pains of body are inflicted to chasten us. If that is so it does not concern me now. I am content with what I know, that the grave only can bring me peace, or rest, or cessation from pain. Those three things I most ardently want. Won't a way be found for me to have them through the counsels of the many-minded? It is common humanity to end by death the sufferings of beasts that are hurt beyond recovery. I am no longer open to sympathy, pity, or religious advice. Find me a way of honorable relief. Make some special provision for cases as hopeless and as desperate as mine."

Such—in small part—is the appeal of one agonizing human creature. I would make such were I in like circumstances. I would hope that there was one being kind enough, and sorrowful enough for me, to give me the peace I craved. What would you do?

HOW MANY FRIENDS HAVE WE LOST BY NEGLECT OF EVEN SO SMALL A MATTER AS WRITING A LETTER?

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### FASHIONS IN MURDERS

THE great police trial in New York brought out the fact that the old type of murderer has gone completely out of fashion. There are fashions in everything, even in murder. There was the time of the blustering, arrogant gamester who in the stories, as in real life, was ready to go about his murdering in a noisy, boasting way. Then came a term of quiet restraint, of murdering after the Rice and Patrick poisonous fashion. We have now

"I'M TOLD WE MAY EXPECT SOMETHING FIERCE WHEN THEY BRING IN EVIDENCE ABOUT BALD JACK'S WIFE," SAID A STOUT WOMAN, LICKING HER LIPS

arrived—at the closing of the cycle which began long ago in Rome—at the perfumed stage or mode in murder.

The gun-men of New York who thought nothing of calling a man out of a restaurant and shooting him down in the glare of electric lights, are perfect sybarites in the matter of dress, perfumed baths, and the latest craze in ties. "Gyp, the Blood" luxuriated in what the ladies call "lingerie" of the finest make. "Bridgie" Webber ran to perfumes. The secret luxury of "Lefty Louie" was cobwebby handkerchiefs edged with tiny frills of real Valenciennes, while "Whitey's" affections ran to the matter of scented soaps. What "Jack" Rose loved best would sound foolish if it were set down in print.

Sweet, innocent, even lady-like follies, these. Like Lewis' unfortunate "Girl in Green", one of the gun-men used to riot in ties of the same verdant hue. There is a Paris Apache whose one fancy is flowers—bunches of violets and roses. He buys out the Madeleine—with other people's money, after a successful business enterprise—and the old *filles des fleurs* follow him with their prayers. Then, the church of the Madeleine, from which the market names itself, being close by, our Apache lays an offering of violets before *la Sainte Vierge*—who, perforce, accepts them with placidity. In these degenerate days Our Lady does not descend from her pedestal to take the place of an erring nun, or crown with roses some simple jongleur. Did she—she would, we feel assured, and speaking with the reverence due to such an august Lady—give her Apache something more stinging to think about than the prick of the thorn of one of his roses. Yes—there is a fashion in murders as in everything, and it runs in cycles like all fashions, and like all fashions arrives in the end at Death.

## WOMEN AND MURDER TRIALS

IT IS odd, the attraction the sensational, the bizarre, even the horrible, has for women. There must be something racial in this. What is it? What extraordinary, primeval root of femininity is accountable for the love-making and marriage between black and white, Occidental and Oriental?

What is the secret of the fascination which the monkey has for the pretty girl who peers at him between the bars of his cage? What has beauty to do with murder, laces with rags, perfume with refuse? Why,—to take fiction—should a Gouverneur Morris heroine, all beauty and spirit and divine physical charms, be attracted by a legless beggar? And why should the corridors of the Criminal Court Building be packed during a murder trial with everything that is lavish in feminine fashion and feminine delicacy and beauty?

Of course, Echo has no answer. What do the reformers say?

So far nothing, for the good reason that they have not turned their attention towards the matter, but some day the storm will break and many an aigrette and flower bouquet will be cast to the four winds of heaven as a consequence.

The Pedlar, in his occupation as a picker-up of shreds and patches in human real estate, was present throughout the Thaw trial. Pedlars go everywhere by reason of their calling, and this fellow made acquaintance with many a twisted aigrette and wilted willow plume during his peregrinations hither and thither. About that time the Pack was empty save for Omar who muttered and threatened at being knocked about at the bottom of an empty wallet. It was about this epoch in a varied career, too, that your friend met with the Sob Sister. She was five—not seven—at the Thaw trial. She was, too, generally large, and blonde, and ruffled.

Crowds of women of all stages of society waited every morning about the corridors of the big Criminal Courts Building, and stood the stare of policemen and reporters and the grin of messenger boys with the stolidity of the griffins that look down on Paris from the ramparts of Notre Dame. The collars got wilted and the hats dented, but the wearers seemed oblivious of all in the grip of their amazing curiosity. So in the last month or thereabouts women again crowded to hear the stories of "Bald Jack" Rose, of that arbiter elegans,

IF SHE COULD DESCEND FROM HER PEDESTAL, SHE WOULD PERHAPS GIVE HER APACHE SOMETHING STINGING TO THINK ABOUT

"Bridgie" Webber, and his perfumed comrades. Some brought their lunch baskets. These certainly found their food seasoned with plenty of red hot sauce. Others accounted things slow. "Seems sort of tame after the Thaw expose," said a stout, middle-aged

woman, "but I'm told we may expect something fierce when they bring in evidence about Bald Jack's wife"—and she licked her lips like the Bronx lioness when she sees the men coming with the baskets.

"There's an old picture I seen once,"—says the door officer in a moment of calm,—"that shows the women pointing their thumbs down for the death of the fellow in the ring; and I give you my word if Judge Goff put the question to the women that attend these trials, I believe they'd put their thumbs down so quick they'd burst their gloves. Women isn't cruel nacherally, but they like excitement."

And perhaps the doorman put the best face on the matter.

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### THE NOBLE BOOK

A NEW, soft, withal brilliant star has risen in the calm skies of Canadian literature, and with it comes the promise of a fine work later on. A book has been written which has set the critics talking all together. It is called "The Record of a Silent Life" and is by Anna Preston.

People are asking, "Who is Anna Preston?" She is a young girl who resides in a farmhouse in Ontario—a beautiful "farmhouse" filled with books and flowers and music. She has never written anything before. She has never travelled abroad. She has never seen the old world cities of history and romance save in her dreams. She is a naturally shy and silent girl given more to observation, meditation, and study than to any of those things which attract (and distract) the ordinary young person. Anna Preston is not an ordinary young person. Neither is she extraordinary, save in the matter of genius, and as the author of a remarkable work, one of those fine gems which makes its appeal rather to the cultured than the commoner class of readers. Moreover, she is the only daughter of a writer whom most of us know and admire, Sidney Preston, author of "On Common Ground" and many other works and sketches.

The book (B. W. Huebsch, New York) written by Miss Preston, is the story of a woman born without the gift of speech. It is told in the autobiographical form and is the self-revelation of a fine and noble nature which rises above the sad handicap of eternal silence, and instead of being comforted by others and leaning against them, is itself a comfort to many others. The book oddly reminds you of the Bronte sisters. It is as if little Jane Eyre had flitted back from the dim beyond and was talking to one for a minute, or you were walking in Cranford hand in hand with Miss Matty. Yet it in no real way resembles the work of Charlotte Bronte or Mrs. Gaskell, while it breathes the spirit of both. It is a quaint, tender, but not mawkish tale; it is in fact informed with real strength and spirit. A delicate thread of humour runs through it all.

Joyce Breadalbane, the centre and pivot round which the story swings, is a very real person. Her ideal of life is service—to give herself to others. The passion for service grips her soul; she is a natural theosophist who knows nothing at all of the nuances of that religious cult as such are presented in the books; who only knows that others need her, who gives freely of her understanding, and love, and sympathy to all who pass by the way, but who for herself asks nothing.

The keynote of this book is the simplicity that is the hall mark of greatness, and the sincerity with which it is written and which marks it as a literary work of purity and rare value. It is the first work of an author from whom Canada may expect much. As a clear-cut cameo of delicacy and color shines among a glitter of more tawdry stones, this record of silence shines true and clear amid a huddle of lesser literature. But only the lover of true gems, the artist in cameos, will pick it out.

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### FROM AN OLD PAPER

ON some wind—assuredly, not of adversity—a copy of "The Pennsylvania Packet," date January, 1787, fluttered like the withered leaf from a tree into the Pedlar's Pack through that common-place and quite modern instrument, the post office box. What kindly antiquary sent this leaf of an

old newspaper my way may not be guessed. The little journal is yellower than the illustrative kite's claw; it rattles with age like a very brittle old lady I once knew in Dublin who ticked like a clock when she moved, and creaked when she stooped. All its s's are f's and its advertisements stately as minuet curtsies. In its news-packet it bears this item:—

"A letter from Canady of the 21 ult., fays While I am writing I am informed that Mrs. T.....has made a piece of cloth for blanketing out of the hair from the hidef which her hufband tanf. This if a laudable example of induftry and frugality and defervef imitation."

Industry indeed! Fancy any Mrs. T... or B... or Z... of these days making blankets out of the hairs of beasts. How did she make it? By what slow process of needles and knitting could any woman make a piece of cloth of separate hairs?

What patient days were those old days when all the s's looked like f's!

Here is an advertisement worthy of perusal:—

100 DOLLARS REWARD.

Ran away from the fubfcriber, an indented Irifh fervant man, black complexion of a very effeminate appearance, short hair, fpeaks with the brogue; a notorious liar; had on a bright blue coat with yellow buttons, molefkin jacket, black breeches and a large cocked failor hat. Had in company with him two horfes and a red-haired young woman whom he paffed for his wife. He was bought of Jeremiah Parker in Philadelphia on the 27th of May, 1784. It is expected he may efcape to Ireland and the above reward will be given to anyone who gets him and delivers him to the following perfons——etc."

It is news to one that Irishmen, or any white men, were bought for slaves in the old days as this advertisement attests. Let us hope that the effeminate black-haired Patrick escaped to his native Cork with or without the young woman who apparently was in no way related to him.

But did you notice she had red hair? That's the way of the world. Red hairs have no chance whether they be discovered on the lapel of "Himself's" coat on lodge night, or grow legitimately on the head of the girl. She gets the blame every time.

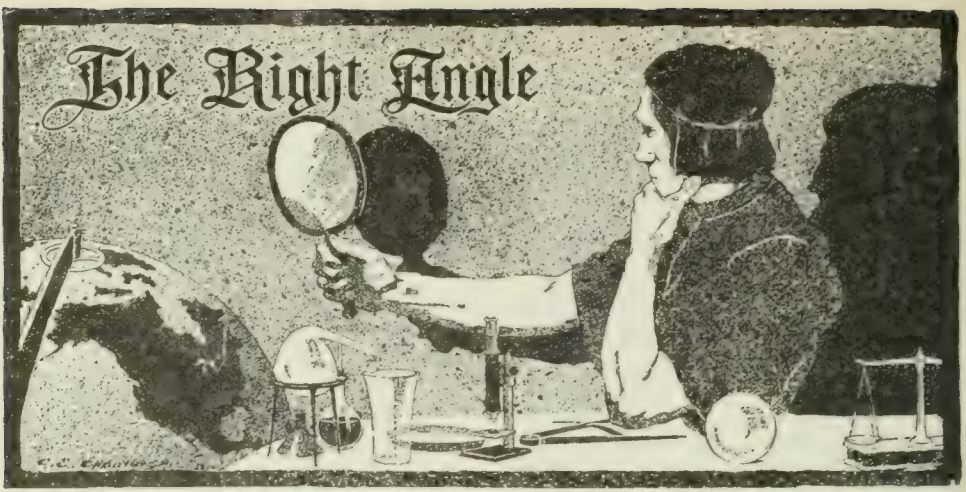
# THE SEEKER

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE *world is wide; somewhere can hearts forget:*
Thus thought he, turning to the unknown west,
But everywhere some scene or face he met
That woke to keener life the old unrest.

He heard a maiden singing in the eve—
He heard a voice he would forget again;
In busy haunts he thought the past to leave;
It sought him out amid a thousand men.

He turned with weary feet to homeward ways,
Believing peace he nevermore could claim;
But there in humble round of common days
He found the peace of heart which has no name!




### THE MOVIES

WE went to the moving pictures the other night. We had a good time. Three simple stories were told on the films—stories of the poor, all of them. There was the story of the young workman whose little sister, "Sunshine", had been betrayed by a "toff" and who killed the betrayer, the film showing the murderer confessing to a priest in prison as a sort of remarque drawing to the pictured story of his life as he was telling it to his confessor. There was the story of the old man who thought he wasn't wanted by his married daughter, and how their baby won him back. And there was the story of the country school-teacher who fell in love with his unruliest tomboy pupil. Simple and common plots, these; you and I have seen them all in real life, or got them second-hand from the columns of the morning paper.

And the house watched them as breathlessly as ever an audience listened to the flowing periods of Mansfield. Why shouldn't they ? It is the first time the poor have ever had the opportunity to see their own lives portrayed. Is it a lesser art than Bernhardt depicting Theodora ? And, by the way, Madame herself has acted for the camera, saying that she wanted to have her art preserved for future generations.

### WE DO PLAY

IT was mingled feelings of amazement and amusement that we read in Canadian Collier's recently an editorial stating that Canadians were commercial and desk-bound and had forgotten entirely how to play, in their absorption with dollar-gathering.

Undoubtedly the editorial was thoroughly sincere and earnest; but we cannot help feeling that it was written on a morning when the editor had stepped out of bed wrong foot foremost and saw the world askew. As compared with England, our sports are more varied, and their devotees are recruited from a much more representative class than the leisured sportsmen of the old country. As compared with the United States, where the average man takes his exercise vicariously in the bleachers yelling for the Giants or the Cubs, our people are incalculably more athletic and sport-loving. Look at the sporting section of any of the metropolitan Canadian papers—where else will you find respectable middle-aged matrons skipping about on ice intent on "the stanes" and the broom ? Where else will you find business men belonging to snow-shoe clubs and tramping for miles in the open on Saturday afternoon ? Where else will you see the lacrosse, the sailing, the tennis and golf and ice-boating and tobogganing and horse-back-riding enthusiasts among the professional and business men of the community that you will find in any Canadian city ?

Broadway would throw seventy-eight conniption fits if it could have as merry and wholesome a good time as—

say, Toronto. And in proof hereof, we would respectfully invite the editor of Canadian Collier's to read the sporting sheet of his own daily paper.

### THE WINTER PATROL

ON one of the days of this month just passed, a Mounted Police patrol left Le Pas for Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson Bay. Another, a group of five men, with dogs, left Dawson for Fort MacPherson, beyond the Arctic Circle, a seven hundred mile journey over the snows. Others, unchronicled and unknown, are travelling their lonely beats through the wilderness, carrying His Majesty's law and order to the farthest outposts of the world. What Inspector Fitzgerald did for the Eskimos of Herschel Island; what Captain Horrigan did for the warring Indians of the Yukon; what many a quiet constable in scarlet has done without recognition or reward except in the books and memories of the Mounted Police, is worth more than many a deed that wins a marble monument.

Remember them, as you sit by your glowing grate these evenings when indoors seems so pleasant to you—mushing along the pass through the mountains, helping to make the Empire that you may be safe at home.

### DIVORCE

LAST summer we led CANADA MONTHLY with an article on the increase of divorces in Canada, and some of our good readers raised incredulous eyebrows at the statement that the increasing volume of divorces was taxing the senate. That divorce was even increasing at all, was mooted.

This year, on November 15th, according to a dispatch from Ottawa, there were forty-two applications for divorce up before parliament, breaking all previous records.

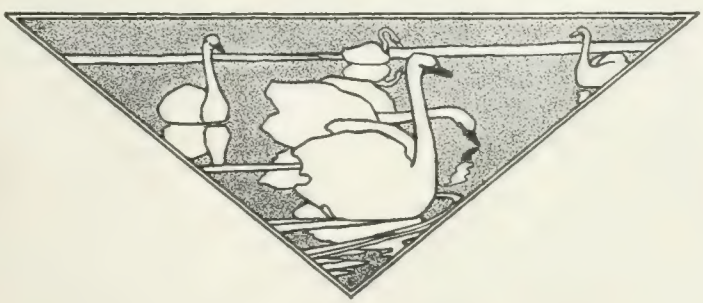
Are we taking to beating our wives in Western Canada, or is the suffrage influence spreading ?

### THE ANCIENT COMPANY

IN modern Canada, with a history reaching back only some three hundred years, it sounds strange to hear a defence in a Toronto court based on a charter granted by the Second Charles.

Yet that is what the Ojibway Indians convicted of killing and trapping animals out of season, and the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, convicted of having in their possession in the closed season 288 beaver skins, 78 otter pelts, and 1,960 musquash skins, have appealed to. The charter of the Company, and the privileges of the Indians granted by England before there were any provinces, it is claimed, give them inalienable rights to trap and deal in fur-bearing animals whenever they choose, whether in or out of season, without reference to the Ontario close season act.

Canada may be young, but she is old enough to have traditions . Nevertheless, somehow it seems as much of an anachronism as Rip Van Winkle in his knee-breeches would be on Yonge Street.



### SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT

TOWNE—"There's one thing about my wife. She makes up her mind if she can't afford a thing that she doesn't need it."

Browne—"Something like my wife, only she buys it first and makes up her mind afterwards."

### BUSINESS

"OF course," said the shrewd business man, "I don't want to be sick, but it looks as if I'd have to call in Dr. Brokeleigh for a couple of weeks."

"Why?" demanded his partner.

"Because he owes me a hundred dollars, and that's about the only way I can collect it."

### WHAT HE WANTED

A QUEBEC shoe-dealer recently received the following order from a French-Canadian customer:

"You will put some shoes on my little families like this, and send by Sam Jameson the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean (me), 42 years; one woman, Sophie St. Jean (she), 41 years; Hermedes and Lenore, 19 years; Honore, 18 years; Celina, 17 years; Narcisse, Octavia, and Phyllis, 16 years; Olive, 14 years; Philippa, 13 years; Alexandre, 12 years; Rosina, 11 years; Bruno, 10 years; Pierre, 9 years; Eugene, we lose him; Edouard and Elisa, 7 years; Adrien, 6 years; Camille, 5 years; Zoel, 4 years; Joseph, 3 years; Moise, 2 years; Muriel, 1 year; Hilaire, he go barefoot. How much ?"

### HIS GRIM JEST

DOROTHEA—"What were you doing after the accident ?"

Herbert—"Scraping up an acquaintance."

### WHY HE WAS SORRY

A MEMBER of the Canadian bar told this story at a lawyer's dinner:

A farmer's son conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went to the nearest city where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well-known lawyer. At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked the farmer.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

### NAMING THE BABY

THE mother of the girl baby, herself named Rachel, frankly told her husband that she was tired of the good old names borne by most of the feminine members of the family, and she would like to give the little girl a name entirely different. Then she wrote on a slip of paper "Eugenie," and asked her husband if he didn't think that was a pretty name.

The father studied the name for a moment and then said:

"Vell, call her Yousheenie, but I don't see vat you gain by it."